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HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE!

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1849.

NO. VI.

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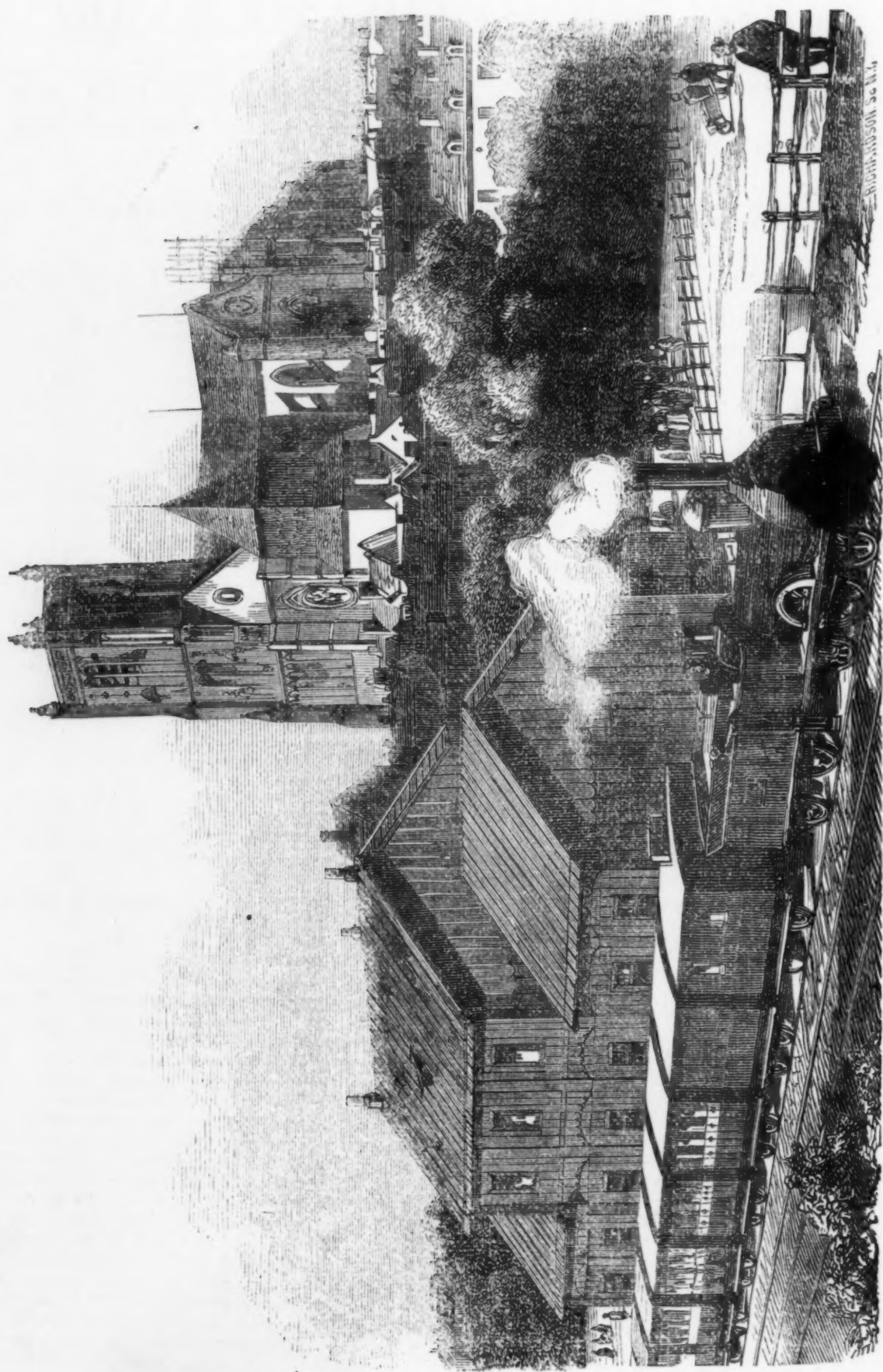
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VIEW OF MEAUX.

WILKINSON, Sculp.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1849.

NO. VI.

VIEW OF MEAUX,

ON THE RAILROAD BETWEEN PARIS AND EPERNAY.

THE introduction of railroads through the heart of France must cause a greater change in that country than any of the revolutions of which it has been so prolific. The so-called revolutions have, in truth, been nothing more than *emeutes*, nothing has been revolutionized but the national flag; they have changed the names of their rulers; they have revolutionized their public buildings; they have attempted even to give new names to the months and the seasons, but France and the French have remained the same. The *chemin de fer*—the road of iron, however, has effected what the bayonet—that other instrument of iron—could not do; it has revolutionized the face of the country and the habits of the people. If Napoleon had understood the power of steam as well as he did the force of powder, he might have died Emperor of France. But, he played his part with the bayonet, and the people are now playing theirs with the rail. It is not easy to foresee all the changes which must inevitably follow on the track of the steam car in a nation which has so long withstood the pressure from within and from without, as France; but the change must come. Travelling through France has heretofore been an inexhaustible subject for scribbling tourists; the rogueries of couriers, the jack-boots of postillions, the lumbering diligence, and all the picturesque and romantic accidents of the road from the time of Sterne down to the last book of European travel, have been served up to the reading public in every conceivable style, in rhyme and in prose, on the stage and on canvas. But all this has now been changed. The lumbering diligence, the postillion and his jack-boots; the cabaret; the courier, and all the old-time accessories of the road are fast disappearing before the rush of the steam locomotive. Travelling in France, now, is very much like travelling everywhere else. The fine engraving which we give our readers this month, as a frontispiece, represents a train and a station-house, or depot, which might pass for a view on one of our own roads, but for the old Gothic cathedral which looms up with its grey towers in the background.

This road was opened for the first time in August last; it passes through one of the loveliest and richest portions of France, and introduces the traveller into scenes which would otherwise not have had the day light of modern improvement

flooded upon them. The station-house at Meaux, and the rushing train of cars, offer the finest possible antithesis to the hoary old cathedral, which frowns in antique majesty upon the strange irruption. How little could the builders of the old church have dreamed that its ponderous tower would ever have been startled by such an apparition passing before it! The station-house at present is but a temporary building of wood, very similar in appearance to many of the so-called depots on our own roads. But it is to be displaced by a new station-house resembling a collection of Swiss Cottages with galleries. The design of the new station-house, an engraving of which we have seen, is both novel and beautiful, and might be advantageously copied by some of our own railroad companies, in place of the sightless buildings which are now too often used.

Epernay, the termination of this splendid road, is the capital of Champagne, and the place whence we receive all our capital champagne. The road between Epernay and Paris displays a great number of imposing works of art, among which are seven bridges which cross the Marne, four tunnels, twenty station-houses, and a great number of viaducts. On the opening of the road to Epernay a grand banquet was given in that fine old town, and an ocean of champagne wine was poured out by the grateful inhabitants, to express their joy on seeing the first steam horse—the *avant courier* of improvement—enter their cheerful and ancient town. Epernay is an interesting spot to the *bon vivant*, it is the great depot of champagne, and in its vaults and warehouses there are millions of bottles of that exhilarating wine which is drunk in every habitable portion of the globe. In one of the succeeding numbers of our Magazine we shall present our readers with an engraved view of Epernay, accompanied by an interesting account of the manufacture of champagne, and full statistical details of the trade in that universal drink. Another of the pleasant towns through which the railroad runs is Dormans, said to be not only the prettiest town in France, but the abode of the prettiest women. It has an old church with a remarkable tower resembling a sugar house; but the beauty of the women of Dormans is the great boast of its inhabitants, who take more pride in the freshness of their gardens than in the antiquity of their buildings.

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

CONCORD, June 12.

HEAR now, my Thalia, all the things that trouble me, and all that give me pleasure.

For the first, I have every now and then twinges of home-sickness, when all the living and all the dead things of my home come tugging and pulling at my heart-strings, and make me ready to sink. For the first and last, I have my cousin Julia. It pleases me, that wherever I move, beside me I can have so much splendor and decorum, that there will be nothing for me to do. We two, together, can make our way to the most fastidious, if I, alone, stop now and then, clap my hands and laugh with the birds; if I will go out in my nine-penny-per-yard chintz morning dress and my shuffling slippers, without gloves, and with my hair in papers. Julia is just my height; but she is more erect; they all say she looks taller. She cannot be called handsome; but her dress is the perfection of elegance and taste, and sets off her face and figure to the very best advantage. Her manners are *perfectly* lady-like. She speaks and moves in altogether the most becoming way that you can conceive. Her words are set just so far apart, every syllable has its distinct and proper utterance. And her movements are just as free from all hurry, all eccentricity as is her speech.— Her eyes are very small, very black, and very seldom varying in their expression. Nothing brings color to her face; it remains uniformly pale as a lily. You can readily imagine, my Thalia, how she dresses. You can see our chamber as it actually appears this morning after the party. On the arms of the sofa are chameleon and water-pressed silks, standing alone in their richness; on the cushion, embroidered muslins, laces and fringes; on the toilet, jewels—a gold watch, pencil and chain, a half-dozen rings of elaborate workmanship; cameo brooch and clasps; a gold comb, a rich ribbon head-dress, and a down-tipped fan. And do you see there over that arm-chair and on that stool by its side, the light, soft slippers, the withered flowers, the long, white gloves, the cambric handkerchief without a border, and the long, far-flowing robe of jaconet muslin? You know whose those are. With its neat hem and tucks, with the graceful folds of its broad skirt, is not the dress beautiful as a summer cloud?

We were very late at the rooms; it was so long before Julia could be satisfied which dress she should wear; whether her bandeau should be fastened with a small brooch, or a golden arrow; what she should wear about her throat, and how she should wear it. I actually fear she was on the point of losing her equanimity once over a refractory braid. Oh dear! oh dear! thought I more than once, as I stayed and helped her do this and that, as I tried in vain to discover what ailed the sleeve of her dress, or, in fact, that anything ailed it; as I sat and waited after there was nothing more for me to do, while she put on her jewelry; for I did not wish Uncle John to know

who had made him wait. He has so little mercy! I can bear it, because I know very well that he loves me all the time; with Julia one can see it would be a different thing altogether.

"Come! come!" said I, at last, springing towards the door. "Uncle John's folks and G—— have been below this half hour. Brother-in-law, brother and sister have been ready as long. Your father and mother—"

"Papa and mamma will be perfectly willing to wait until I am prepared," interrupted she, turning half round to me, and then back to finish adjusting her brooch.

Oh dear! again thought I, settling back into a chair. I, who will never wait for myself, to be made so fidgetty waiting for another! Heaven forbid! I shall go below where it is fresh and cool; where something is going on; if Uncle John does come pouncing upon Cousin Julia when last she appears. As I came to this unchristian conclusion, I sprang to my feet; and away over the carpet went the fragments of the leaves I had been tearing.

At that moment there was a light knock on our door; and, on opening it, sister's clear, pleasant face showed itself. With a *crie de joie* I threw my arms around her and brought her within the chamber.

"Ah, now, S—— dear, do you wait here for Cousin Julia; and let me go down and see Uncle John!"

"Do you know who else is waiting?" asked S——, settling my curls.

"G——?"

"Yes."

"Yes; I know he is there. Let me go and see him."

"But how feverish you look! Is your chamber so warm? The blood is ready to come through your cheeks."

"It has been so stifled here!" answered I, throwing out my arms into the coolness and freshness that seemed to come into the room with S——.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!"

sang I, as I made my courtesy to S——, and then went—like a chicken in a hurry—along the passage and down the staircase. For all the scampering I made, I did not lose a note of sister's alto, so clear and bell-like it always is!

Hal and G—— were in the hall door.

"That is good!" meaning the music, cried Hal. His ear was still bent as if still he heard it vibrating.

"Susy!" said G——; and he held out both hands for me. I touched them lightly with mine; and then, making my way between the gentlemen, I stood in the door with my arms and mouth open to the delicious evening breeze.

"Is not this good, my friend? is it not good, my brother?" I asked, turning to them. "Uncle John!" for now he came out of the parlor, stepping like a broken pipe-stem, and snapping his tooth-pick. "Uncle John! I have got something for you!"

"Well! where is that new cousin Julia of yours? The deuce! if she is going to make her party wait like this, she'll not often find me in it. Thirty-two minutes the morning we went to the House, thirty-five now!" putting his watch back with a provoked gesture.

"Hadn't we who are here better go?" asked Aunt Susan, as she joined us. She never likes Uncle John to be plagued; because, although when things go to his liking, he is the pleasantest, most agreeable of men; if they go otherwise he is altogether unmanageable.

Fortunately, at that moment we heard S— and Julia's voices in the passage. They were joined on the way by Uncle and Aunt Hempdale. I began dragging Uncle John off before the rest to the parlor, lest he should snarl at Julia, as he looked strongly disposed to do.

"What—what the deuce—?" he asked, at first holding himself back. But I danced away with his hand raised high in mine; and in a moment he entered into the spirit of the thing. Dancing along the hall to the back parlor, he made such outlandish steps, and threw his long legs about so that there was no chance for anything but laughter to go on, and I was in danger of being upset, in this way getting a surfeit of dancing with Uncle John.

"Don't scold Cousin Julia," begged I, when I had led him away from all the rest. "Wait until she is less a stranger. Wait until she knows your ways—"

"I will scold you all the more then, until you'll find enough to do begging for yourself."

"Well."

And he did. He scolded because I was not ready as soon as Aunt Susan, (and Aunt Susan always keeps things right at her elbow and her hand in readiness to grasp them, that Uncle John need never wait.) He scolded me on the way because I lagged with G—, at the hall, because I would like neither the old governor nor the new. He introduced me to Governor C—, and told him what I had just been saying against him.—We had a merry time of it. Others joined in it; and I was introduced to several members of the new State executive. Uncle John becomes every year a greater favorite, I see. No one is more widely known and respected than he. Sister S— also and her husband have excellent footing. Friendly glances meet theirs, and friendly hands are put out to them whichever way they turn. All this gives me pleasure. I can be as indolent as I please in the matter of ingratiating myself through my own merits. As often as I please I can fold my hands and "sleep on other people's laurels."

From within Julia's bed-room I hear her now breathing in long-drawn sighs and yawns, and moving sluggishly about. I fancy she does not find herself refreshed. It may be—she comes; and as we talk I will write; then it will be seen

by my Thalia how the cousins are likely to go on together.

Susy. Good morning, Cousin Julia.

Julia. Good morning.

Susy. Come and let me kiss you. See, my lap is full. Are you rested?

Julia. No; and shall not be for a week. I am sure I dread putting this chamber in order, don't you?

Susy. Let me help you with your things.—Mine can be disposed of in one minute.

Julia. No; sit still. I never like anybody to help me about them but mamma. She only knows how I want them. Have you been up long?

Susy. Three hours.

Julia. You surprise me. You look as fresh as can be. I can never endure being up in the morning. I can never get my eyes open. See how the lids are swelled, and my whole face.—How came these leaves on the carpet?

[She stoops to gather them.]

Susy. Nay, let them be, Cousin Julia. I scattered them. I shall pick them up all in good time. Tell me! how did you like the supper?

Julia. The supper by itself do you mean, or the people inclusive?

Susy. I mean the *tout ensemble*. How do you like our new governor?

Julia. Not at all. He is like his message, *brusque*, careless and common. He laughs too much and too loud. He talks too loud. He would do well being himself governed by one article of his message—"Let them hereafter speak softly." You and every other one must think the same.

Susy. I think on farther, and thus reach an estimate altogether favorable to him. He may as you say be *brusque*, careless and common; but I do not think it against him. It is altogether an agreeable style of man, for a country gentleman and a farmer. Such as he was, he was chosen. Such as he was he remains, and will remain, and so when his term is over he will be entirely ready for the plough again. Certainly this is better, *respecting* his habits and retaining them. Cannot you conceive how stiff and awkward he would be, if he were to forget that he is a *man*, as good as any man if he is not so highly polished as are some men; that he has a right to his own ways, his own laugh, his own speech? Can't you see?

Julia. I cannot see that he or any one can disregard the established forms of high breeding, and still command respect in polished society here or elsewhere. If he does not know what is etiquette, he can learn in a few hours; it is all down in books.

Susy. Heaven forbid that Governor C— sit down to study the Count d'Orsay! the authors of our "Manuals of Politeness!" our "Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen!" I should despise him! Let young girls do it if they will; but let people of experience and reflection be governed by common sense, as, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, it acts upon the spur of circumstances! I don't want to write any more. Come, Cousin Julia, let us go down and see the children. I hear them saying things about "Aunt Susy."—

Some pleasant thing or other is going on, that "Aunt Susy" must go and see and help about.—Don't you *love* children, Cousin Julia? Are they not the very comfort of the world?

Julia. I like them pretty well. I like your sister's particularly, because she has instructed them not to get their feet entangled with one's dresses, and not to step on them with dirty shoes. I can never love children who do these things.

Susy. Sister's children will do these things sometimes probably. They are not men and women. This should not be expected of children that they will always keep off one's dresses, always do what is quiet, what *we* wish, as if they had no wills of their own, no strong reasons for wishing to do thus and so. I think we are often barbarously unjust to them. They must do always what we please; and if they are grieved, or in a passion about it, how naughty they are! how worthy of stripes and of bondage in a closet! If we tell them *once* what is right and proper for them to do at table, or elsewhere, if we tell them what they may touch and what they must leave alone, and if they transgress—oh! we are infinitely shocked and surprised! Did we not *tell* them expressly, and in the plainest terms? Ah, Heaven forgive the little sinners, and help us to find those words that they will understand and remember! How blind to human nature this is! As if we grown-up children were not for ever violating known laws, well as we understand their sacredness and the penalties of transgression! as if we had not so often our hands full of forbidden fruit! Baby's voice! I hear baby's voice! Is it not sweet as an orchard full of birds, cousin?

SATURDAY EVENING.

That has happened to me to-day the remembrance of which should make my heart melt with gratitude to the Good One above as long as I breathe. I was so near unto death, and yet I was saved! My eyes are still open to this beautiful evening; my heart to the love, divine and human, that encompass me about like a halo of light and glory. My limbs are sound and free, and they were so near being horribly, horribly mangled!

I was coming home alone from Uncle John's, whither I had just accompanied Julia and her parents. I was on State street, passing the yard of the capitol with my eyes on the turf, and so intent on analyzing Uncle Hempdale that I paid no regard whatever to what was passing near me.—And had I been ever so observant it would have made no difference; for quick as lightning, upon something falling from the front of the carriage and hitting his heel, a horse darted from the street directly towards me. Heavens! it seemed to me in that one terrible moment, that skies were falling and graves opening. The rumbling and tearing of the horse and vehicle, the cries of other horsemen and of pedestrians near!

"God Almighty!" one voice near me screamed, with a tone of real agony.

What else there was, I am sure I cannot tell. It was only an instant—although it seemed so much longer—and a pair of strong arms were thrown around me; and I was half-dragged, half-carried through the iron gate that yielded to the

pressure of my preserver's shoulder as if it had been of fillagree. If it had been at any other part of the yard but near one of the gates, I should have been crushed! The horse's breast was torn and the carriage broken against the posts of the gate.

"My God I thank thee!" said I, clasping my hands and longing to fall on my knees. Never, never was I so grateful! and so weak that I could only lean against the gate, and weep. At first I thought only of God. *He* had saved me. *He* had provided the strong arms and the open gate. *He* of His wonderful power and goodness had saved me for the friends *He* had given me, for the glorious world *He* had made for them and me. Then came thoughts of my other preserver. *He*, too, leaned upon the gate, winding a cambric handkerchief about his left hand.

"If you, sir, are hurt," said I, wiping my tears with one stroke of my handkerchief and feeling my gratitude all giving place to terror, "I shall regret it more—"

"Don't be in the least uneasy, madam. It was only a scratch from the gate. Are you *altogether* uninjured?"

"*Altogether!*" answered I, my eyes again filling. And then, after a pause, "You *know*, sir, how thankful I must be to you now and as long as I live. I shall not attempt to express what I feel; but, sir—but, sir, if in your way through the world you ever need help as much, may it be as near you."

I bowed and passed out at the gate he held open for me. I hesitated.

"Your wound—you have not deceived me, sir; your wound is as slight as you say!" said I.

"I have not deceived you in the least. I am glad to have saved you at any cost. I am not afraid of wounds—I am used to them—of every kind."

He said this with a sad, sick voice that sent a pain straight through my heart, that does now.—I walked along towards home; and with a bow and "With your leave, madam," he accompanied me.

"I know whom I have saved," resumed he.—"I sought out Miss L—— last season, because my mother told me that she was kind; that she had pity and extenuating pleas for the fallen and the falling.

"Who is your mother, may I ask?" inquired I, greatly interested.

"Mrs. W——."

"Mrs. General W——?"

"The same."

I am sure my face must have evinced a deal of half-pleasure and half-pain. I had heard sad stories of young W——'s predisposition to "look upon the wine cup," and to employ other dangerous measures of stimulating his naturally languid system, and that this alone had paled his excellent mother's cheek. I had heard moreover from brother-in-law, W——, that he had the very best heart, and more really attached, devoted friends than any other young man in town.

"Remembrances to your mother; and tell her where she may find me for a few weeks," said I, as we parted at our gate.

Young W— is a handsome man; or he would be if he were more quiet. I have seen him before, at church, and in parties; I remember now perfectly. He is always feverish; he was, they say, before he began to employ any sort of artificial stimulus. The blood is ready to come through his cheeks; ever coming, ever going; with every change of feeling, changing. The veins fill in his forehead, and then he draws his hand slowly across it, as if a mortal pain was there. He has education, and a fine talent waiting to be fostered into productiveness. But he is an only son, and his father is the richest man in C—. Pity for this. Pity that he has not for his father "a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water." A thousand pities that with all his advantages of wealth, education and position, he will not see what he needs, what want in his animal system sends him to the intoxicating bowl, and how well this want might be supplied by ennobling occupation; for instance, by building some sort of a manufactory, employing mechanics who have taste and intelligence, but who yet are poor and miserable, or fast becoming so, through faults like his own; himself directing and encouraging them, watching them lest they fall, inducing other benevolent men, and women too, to be kind to them, to go out of their way to bid them the friendly "Good morning" and the "God speed." I shall cultivate his acquaintance, that I may say these things to him. God help me, and he shall be saved! for his poor mother's sake, and for his own sake—the deluded, unhappy young man! I could weep for him any moment; I have wept half of the day; and every thought of him goes up to Heaven a yearning prayer that he may be saved.

I have wept, too, to see how well I am loved; and prayed that I may be worthy of this love and of the life that is prolonged to me. I was near being deluged with tears and smothered with embraces, when I told them here at home what had happened to me. To the time that I bade the children good-night, it was, on the gentlemanly Henry's part—"I'll go with you after this. I am always looking round when I walk. I always see all the horses round, and know what they are up to. If I had been there to-day, I don't believe you would have come so near being killed."

Will kept near me; and, as often as his large eyes filled with tears, complained of the smoke. This is his way when he wishes to conceal it from us that he is grieved. "I'm glad you are here, Aunt Susy," he would say, with a voice full of tears. "I shouldn't know what to do with myself now if you—if you—" This was as far as he could get for "the smoke."

"Mother?" said he once, when I left the room. "Don't you suppose I could have died too if I had wanted to, and if Aunt Susy had?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because—because I should have wanted to. I shouldn't want *her* to be down there in the grave alone. I shouldn't take any comfort being here. Where is Aunt Susy, mother? I don't want her to go out doors any more. Don't you let her, will you, mother? Don't you let her?"

The little short-legged Buddy Fudge shed no tears, but he treasured up no small amount of

wrath against "that horse." He tipped his head one way and another, pressed his lips together, drove his little clenched fists about in the air, and made all manner of threats. This is one of them.

"I'll—I'll kill that horse! I'll kill him! I'll cut him all up, and put him in a barrel hole, and put a nail behind him. Wouldn't you, Aunt Susy?"

There were a great many near when the accident happened this morning, although I scarcely noticed it at the time. W— and Hal were on Main street. They soon heard of it, and came home with long steps and lips dry with excitement. I could only hold out my hand to them and swallow every moment to keep my emotion down. And the same when G— came. He had the story, or a part of it, from young W— himself, whom he met at his father's gate.

G— had not many words—we had none of us for the day; but he sat near me, with his eyes continually on my face, looking particularly thoughtful and happy. He held my hand in his at parting.

"Be careful of yourself, Susy," said he, with a look of tenderness and anxiety. "I am very foolish," he added. "I was on the point of begging that you would go out no more alone."

He laughed, we all laughed; but we all plead guilty to the same kind of foolishness; we all felt that the streets would never again be a safe place for me alone.

MONDAY, 15th.

Hear now what people can do, just with their tongues; hear how happy and good they can make one, and how miserable.

Did you ever, Thalia, at Olympus, Parnassus, or anywhere, know a purer morning than this morning at C—? The birds sang in the trees like so many joy-crazed things. The children, animated by their music and the morning air, were as happy as they, and as jocund, in the shaded yard and the hall. W— and Hal frolicked with them awhile and then went away, while S— and I sat and sewed and watched the children, within the parlor near the open door. How happy we were! so happy that we must begin fearing that it could not last. The mars and jars of the coming days, of the coming hours of this day, we thought of with a kind of sickening dread; and we felt a longing to go away then, with those we loved best, through the blue space to the safe land, where glad sounds would always be heard, where the voice of wailing could never come.

There was great joy out in the yard over an opening rose-bud; and then little hands were tugging upon ours to get us out to see it. And "sister must come! sister must come and see it and smell how good it is!" said the boys; and accordingly "sister" went with us. But she could not be induced to attend to the rose-bud, nor to any one thing. But such a talking as she kept up, and in such joyful tones, while her large eyes were lifted to the sky, the trees above, and sent this way and that! The boys said she was just a bobolink, saying—

"Bobolink—bobolink.
Now what do you think?"

All but Nill. He interpreted it—"Ogle, dogle, glory, glory!" And Nill was nearest right. Sister saw that there was glory abroad this morning.

While we were in the yard, Governor C—— and our friend, Colonel C——, who is president of the new Senate, came along on their way to the House. They lifted their hats. Would we pardon the interruption? Might they speak with the boys and the bright-eyed girl? Might they congratulate me—they had heard of my narrow escape yesterday—might they congratulate me? They were *glad* for me, and for my friends, amongst whom they included themselves. They thought I must be conscious of a hitherto unfelt pleasure in looking abroad on this beautiful morning. Drop, drop went the large tears on the turf; but I could not speak. They laid their hands on Howey's head, and bowing, left us.

This was a trifling incident, apparently. Perhaps my Thalia will think it not worth relating. But kindly looks were exchanged; earnest, sincere words spoken; and it left us thoughtful and happy; as if a benediction had been uttered.

By previous appointment, at 10 o'clock, Uncle John and Aunt Susan, Uncle and Aunt Hempdale, and Julia, G——, W——, and Hal came, to go with us to the gallery. The resolution touching military displays was before the House. Some stories were told, some witty things said. Gen. W—— rose after having consulted many times—his snuff-box. I think I could do better. His wife should counsel him to leave off snuffing. It spoils his voice; and the voice has a great deal to do with the impression one makes in speaking.—Besides, no one likes to see a man, a great man especially, enslaved to such a paltry thing as a snuff-box. He has a prejudice to overcome before he can ingratiate himself; his hearers must get fairly over his snuff-box, before they can begin to render justice to his talent. I must become acquainted with Gen. W——, that he may hear me laugh at his snuff-box.

But I must feel in better humor than I do this evening, before I can laugh long at snuff-boxes, or anything else. One would think that, with all Cousin Julia's etiquette, she might be a little more particular what trying things she says to one.

"Do you know that your dress-skirt is soiled?" inquired she of me, in a whisper, on our way to the House.

"No. Badly? is it badly soiled?"

"Yes; it is very bad, and very much exposed."

It was not, Thalia. We examined it as soon as I reached home; and neither S—— nor I thought it of the least consequence. It was just a grass-stain on the hem; no one saw it but Cousin Julia; or if others did I do not care. But it troubled me not a little; I felt as if I had a soiled face until I was safely within our own doors.

"You press my mantilla, Susan," whispered she, in the gallery, while I was forgetting my soiled dress in an earnest chat with "the member from F——." He was telling me of his son's death-bed; how even pleasant and beautiful it was made by his willingness to go. Cousin Julia had not heard a word probably. What was it to her

a young immortal's willingness to step into the dark valley, since her mantilla was in jeopardy of being creased?

But, my dear Thalia, do not in over-hasty judgment put Cousin Julia down as the most callous of mortals. Thousands and tens of thousands are like her in this respect. I should grow into her habit in six months if I had her wealth, her leisure, and if I were to spend them, the former in buying up every new and elegant thing that came into the market, the latter in deciding between desirable modes, between different dresses for all different occasions, and in devising measures for preserving them all from taint and blemish; never looking into other people's faces to see what they were enjoying, what they were suffering, never having patience with them, if they did but leave my dress alone in all its matchless splendor and becomingness.

It is true in all things that we cannot "serve two masters." We may innocently make our courtesy to Fashion as she passes. We may make casual inquiries of her about those matters of which our master gives us no minute suggestions, and then go on with our "lawful service." But if we bow down to her, if we follow her, trembling lest we violate her laws, cringing lest we forfeit her smiles, we can put no heartiness into our services to God, to his eternal interests wherever they are, whether in our own hearts or in the heart of the universe.

I *should* thank Heaven that I have the disciplines of poverty upon me. But I fear I do not; there are so many glorious sights I would see, so many good things I would do if I were rich, and if I were the same at heart that I am now. I *do* thank Heaven that in my poverty I have parents who have taught me that there are better things in the world than a splendid wardrobe. But, Pharisee that I am! I am not a whit better perhaps than Cousin Julia. She cares too much, I too little. By her order and carefulness her things are all admirably preserved, so that there is no reckless waste, no confusion, no frightful wear and tear, as with me. *Parbleu!* might we but meet and shake hands midway between our extremes! *Parbleu! parbleu!* G—— is below. He kissed his hand to me as just now he came running in his lumbering way up the terraces. I am going down; and certainly I must find some way to plague him. He is having altogether too much peace and quietness. If I can't find anything to throw at him, I will make him jealous praising young W——'s handsome face and noble form. Good! I will put my hair into confusion before I go. I will daub my fingers with ink, and pin my collar awry. I will let him be reminded afresh what a figure I will go wherever I am. Good! how I look! I will tell him that I am thinking of writing for the press—real anti-war, anti-slavery and anti-all-sorts-of-conservatism papers, for the "Tribune" and "Harbinger;" that, in this way, and by sending home letters from abroad, I am in hopes of raising funds for travels in Italy, Greece, Germany and Spitzbergen.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!"

EVENING.

W—— and Hal were out; S—— was with her babies, laying them down to rest and singing little quieting songs to them, so that G—— was in the parlor alone. He was so glad to have me all to himself awhile, so tender and serious, that my mischievous purposes were near being put entirely to flight. I rallied, however, showed him the disfiguring ink on the hand he held between both his fat palms, and, *apropos*, told him my new scheme of authorship and travel. He had no faith in it evidently. He smiled and looked me quietly in the face, as in glowing terms, I expatiated on all the transports of fame in my own land, and in another, of kneeling at the very footstool of "the Mother of Song," of "the Niobe of nations!"—Gradually an expression of yearning tenderness came over his features, and locking me fast in his arms, he silenced me with his agitated—"No farther than this, dearest, shall you travel—no farther." Wasn't this altogether too unlucky, Thalia? I had calculated confidently on his saying "Pooh!" "Nonsense!" on his making himself vastly merry over the utter folly of the thing; else, on his combatting it with arguments synthetically arranged. For either of these events I was prepared; but not for that which came.

I did not long succumb, however. I soon began quietly to employ my free hand in putting his hair out of order. To this he could not long remain indifferent. He soon began arranging it with one hand; and then, seizing the other, I began telling his fortune by the lines on his palm.—It seems that he is to marry a tall, well-behaved, dark-skinned lady, who will never get impracticable schemes into her head, nor throw his hair into confusion.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Young W—— and his mother were in the galleries when we entered them this morning. Mrs. W——'s pale face brightened when she saw me; her son too looked pleased, but very sad. It gave her inexpressible pleasure, Mrs. W—— said, that her son had rendered me such a service, that I was saved. She knew my principles; and the world had great need of all those who judged its errors kindly, charitably. She sighed heavily. It is said that her husband has no mercy for the offences that come in his own family, or elsewhere. With a temperament cold and unimpressible as an iceberg, he can never understand why people cannot go through life by the rules, uninfluenced by natural temperament, conditions of health, or the temptations of the world. With his reproaches, his unrelenting sternness when reproaches are exhausted, he absolutely crushes his son to the earth; and from this prostrate condition, his mother, whom he closely resembles, has neither the clearness nor strength of will to raise him.

I talked with him every now and then. He has a great deal of wit and refinement; and, together with Uncle John, we kept up a running comment on the debate, lively debate on "the small-bird law" that was carried on below. It was good watching how his mother revived as this went on. She laughed heartily; and I certainly saw a faint glow on her cheeks. Her son also—

his "Good morning" at parting was very unlike his dispirited salutation when we met.

It is with me as if he were my brother, my own brother; for has he not saved my life? and is he not—oh! so erring and unhappy?

G—— was standing near the door of the gallery when we turned to leave it; looking like Mr. Lane in "sermon-time." So I told him as we went down the stairs together.

"Did I?" inquired he, forcing a smile.

"Yes."

"Does your head ache?" I inquired, after a few moments' silence. "If it does you must go home with me, and I will mesmerize it away."

"I almost wish it did for the sake of the cure," replied he, now smiling with more heartiness.—

"The air up there was close and bad. It takes all electricity out of one."

"Yes, back there where you stood. You should have been on the front row with us."

"Let me provide for this hereafter by calling for you always when you go to the House. Will you allow me? When will you go again?"

"Probably not until we hear that Hale's abolition speech is coming forward."

"I myself will bring you the intelligence when this will be. I myself will bring you, and see that you have a comfortable position—if you will allow me—"

"Certainly! thank you! See, G——! see what a stiff man—and all because he is 'the gentleman from K——,' probably."

This last I said, not because I saw anything so absolutely amusing in Mr. L——'s stiffness, but because I wished to get G——'s eyes, whose expression I could not understand, away from my face.

I wonder—what can my Thalia, or anybody else think that this all signifies? Heigho—heigho—I don't know.

THURSDAY, 18th.

G—— is jealous; and of young W——! At least I believe he is. He is very stiff with W—— when he meets him here and elsewhere. He complains of the cigar smoke in his clothes; says "Ugh—ugh!" and shudders. And it is abominable, he says, for one to smile so often and so wide as young W—— does, *when he is with me*, if every time one does it, one shows such a fine set of teeth spoiled by "the filthy weed." Ugh!

Nobody can gainsay this, can they, Thalia? It is abominable! You, whose beaux never smoke, never chew any viler thing than ambrosia, you would be fortunate indeed, but that they get so drunk on the nectar! Pity, isn't it, that your beaux and ours, will not copy *our* abstemiousness? Then these habits that lead to intemperance, and of course intemperance itself, would be no more on the earth; and, Heavens! would it not be as if suddenly a frightful pall were lifted? Yes, indeed! as thousands of unhappy mothers, wives and sisters in our land could bear me witness.

Respecting young W——, I know that he smokes, drinks brandy, and gambles, not deeply as yet; but he is on his way; he does all of these. But I do not stop with this. I know farther than this, that he must be saved. Who cannot bear

disagreeable sights and disagreeable odors, if they come between them and the one they purpose to save? I have said as much to G—, to Uncle and Aunt Hempdale, and Julia. They all declaimed against poor W— and the folly of attempting to make anything of him this morning, at Uncle John's, until I was ready to cry of vexation.

"You are too young and pretty, my niece Susan, to undertake such a work upon such a subject," said my Aunt Hempdale. "He is rich, and in spite of his faults, respectable. He is willing to have it known that he admires you very much; his mother courts your friendship; and the general himself says that you 'are worth a dozen of the little, hump-shouldered, giggling Misses one generally finds here in C—.' I think, my dear, I advise you as your mother would if she were here. She and I know the world better than you do.—We know that it loves to be censorious where young and engaging ladies and gentleman are concerned."

I sprang to my feet when she began, and walked the floor.

"I am not in the least afraid of the world, Aunt Hempdale. I love it too well to feel any fear.—The world understands this, and is very kind to me; it always has been.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Uncle John, looking up with kindling eyes from the paper in whose contents he had appeared to be absorbed until this moment. "If that wa'n't well said, there never was anything. Let the girl alone. This is what his mother would advise. She would tell her to go her own way, only being sure not to go in the way of lions and tigers—*real* lions and tigers, Sister Hempdale. She knows, and I do, that an affectionate, child-like temper like Susy's is worth more than all our experience and worldly cunning."

This opportune kindness of my dear, good Uncle John opened the flood-gates; and finding that the tears would keep coming, that I could not long conceal them, I walked out of the room, and through the hall into the back garden. I drew one long sob. With it the invigorating air went through me and braced me up, so that I did not cry myself half sick, as I should undoubtedly have done, if I had betaken myself to a close room.

"May I come?" asked G—, in tones that I knew were those of a penitent, even before I saw his deprecating eyes.

I turned half-round and then back to the snow-ball I was picking to pieces, without speaking.

"I am as ashamed as a dog," continued he, slowly approaching nearer. "I am sure I don't know what possessed me to find fault with your course, with you, who know so instinctively what is good and proper. But you will forgive me?"

He was picking now upon the same snow-ball that I had been demolishing. I had fallen to twirling one of the leaves by its stem.

"I assure you," added he, "it is not my habit to interfere with other people's affairs, either in the way of finding fault, or giving advice. In this case—I do not know how it is; but I fear I am so selfish as to wish to monopolise you. All Concord is taking you to its heart it seems to me.—

Sometimes this gives me pleasure; but—I think it is only when I am at your side, so that it takes me too, as it were. Otherwise there is heaviness here," (laying his hand on his heart,) "and I am longing to be back with you in your quiet home. Forgive me, Susy, for my love's sake. Never did one love another as I do you. If I could be sure that you love me half as well, I should not then trouble myself or you with my 'ghostly counsel.'"

"I will forgive you," said I, still looking down on the leaf I was twirling. "But I can't endure being found fault with. It would kill me stone dead in a little while; that is, unless it were done in a very delicate, respectful way. But, come; let us go into the house."

"And you forgive me heartily, Susy," pursued G—, as he drew my hand within his arm for a return to the house. "It is the same with us as before?"

"The same."

"Forgive us, child," lisped Aunt Hempdale, on our return. But without any warmth or sincerity. She never shows any. She has been so long away from her family, she seems to have no feeling for us. Uncle John says she was always different from her brothers, and that there never was that love between them and her that there was between them and the gentle one that died, "little Susy" they still call her.

I bowed coldly in reply to Aunt Hempdale.

"Your aunt and I have reason to caution you young people about the world," remarked Uncle Hempdale, on his way to the spittoon. "We've had a pretty good chance to know what kind of a world it is. The fact is," turning to Uncle John, "the number of men that you can help without finding in the end that you have been cherishing a viper, isn't more than one in ten thousand. I never undertook any great piece of charity but twice; I said then that they should be my last.—A Mr. Morey, of Cincinnati, a—one of the best of young men everybody thought, but amazingly unfortunate, with poor parents, a sick wife, and three or four little children just of a bigness to support, I thought it would be doing a good deed to establish him in some sort of business. I had a number of carriages, a chaise, a barouche, a carry-all; the carriage house was full, piled up; and in a few days the new coach was coming home. A new span of horses, too, that I had bought the week before up the Maumee. Well, I thought I could turn old carriages and old horses to good account, and give Mr. Morey a good turn, by purchasing a few more of each, and setting him up with a livery stable and a certain share of the profits. But it all went through. I didn't so much as get the two hundred dollars he had been owing me a year or more. I got his ill-will though, and I keep it to this day. He passes me looking as if he fancied himself 'of the Montagues or Capulets.' I thought it might be that another time I should come off better. I didn't know as I was generous enough with him; and so I tried it again. The Athertons, a family in reduced circumstances, determined to try and get on their feet again by opening a great boarding-school, the parents superintending the house, the young people the school. They came to my store and I trusted

them on and on—and I took some pains to get them patrons—just with some light mortgages on their household property, and with their promise to name our firm to their pupils, their country friends, and so on. I have no reason to think I ever got ten dollars on all their so-much-talked-of recommendations. Something new turned up for them somewhere; an estate fell to them, or something. They were going to leave the city. I heard of it from some one else, and suspecting a plan to slip from me, I did what any man in his senses would do—foreclosed my mortgages. Well! well! there was great ado over it. I might have had faith in them, they said; humble as dogs while they were in a measure dependent on me, now that they were once more in the luck, they were ready to walk over my head with their chivalrous notions of honor, and so forth.

"They come to the city. I have often met them. Mr. Atherton notices me with a stiff, passing bow; his wife and the young people never see me. This comes, Niece Susy, of trying to help people, to save them. You have heard the story of the countryman warming the viper to life in his bosom. You have heard the end of it. It is just so in the world; and you will find it so, or I am more mistaken than I ever have been yet. You shake your head; but how are you going to miss it, to make people really and to the end grateful and friendly? I would like to have you tell me this?"

"I really don't know, Uncle Hempdale; but don't you suppose one could manage to do it, by keeping their charity as free as possible from all selfishness; by conferring one's favors even to the end, with a real kindness of heart and a courteous manner? Don't you suppose one could?—and by never growing exacting, never expecting too much gratitude, too much—anything?"

Did I not deserve, my Thalia, that this reply should choke me, as it actually did? But I would say it for the sake of the unhappy poor.

I ventured to look at Uncle John. He was making ugly grimaces over folding his newspaper, to conceal a smile. Aunt Hempdale and Cousin Julia looked up to Uncle Hempdale, evidently wondering how he would get along with that.—G—— sat on the sofa with his elbow on the back, his hand supporting his head, and his good-natured eyes—as I felt rather than saw—on my face. As for Uncle Hempdale, he must again make a journey to the spittoon before he could answer me.—But he was looking wiser than an owl, a great deal. When he did speak we would certainly hear something worthy of being spoken.

But meanwhile Aunt Susan was cogitating the matter over her plain sewing.

"I think they might, Susy," said she, quietly, and at the same time pressing a hem in her fingers. "We are too apt to satisfy ourselves with giving to the poor without regarding the manner of giving as we ought to. We think it gives us the right to advise them, dictate all their concerns if we give them now and then a trifle. I have felt this disposition in myself. I have seen it a hundred times in others. A poor washerwoman we had once told me she had thought a great many times that she would, for her own part,

rather live on crusts and be independent of charity, than to meet the overbearing manner, the cold, unfeeling reproofs, that in so many cases accompanied the gifts she had. Some were advising her to put her children out, and telling her that when one was poor, one had no right to be particular about places, what they were, and they were indignant because she would not let go all her feelings as a mother and a Christian woman and let her daughter go where she must work like a slave, and besides be exposed to the worst of all examples. This is a hard lot. I know one poor widow, a fine woman she is, who does actually sometimes live on crusts rather than let her situation be known."

"Because she is so proud," lisped Aunt Hempdale.

"Because she has human feelings like the rest of us!" said Uncle John, in a loud voice, frowning and snapping his tooth-pick; "and like the rest of us, dislikes being tyrannized over and insulted. It is God's truth," added he, growing warm over his subject; "I would rather any time deal harshly with a rich man than a poor. The rich can bear it; but the poor have so few comforts, so few friends! What is that song of yours, Susy, child,

The poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better far
The few their Father sends?"

Sing it."

Uncle John had opened the piano, and made the stool ready for me, before he was fairly through with his quotation.

I sang, and then left with G——; after it had been agreed that we would all go together in the evening to hear the Rev. Mr. F—— speak for Temperance; and that, after lecture was over, we would spend an hour or two at the Fair of the "Seaman's Aid Society." Uncle Hempdale, aunt and Julia—and I fancy G——, also—were for spending the whole evening at the Fair. Uncle never had had much to do with temperance—temperance measures, he meant I presume—he never had liked the way people went to work.

"We work with human judgments," said Uncle John; "and of course we often miss perfection in our measures. But we are doing our best, or trying to; and if you, Brother Hempdale, or any other one, will show us a better way we will be glad to adopt it."

"Oh, I don't know I am sure!—I—"

"No; you don't know—no one knows how to plant his feet on the top round of the ladder at his first step, in his reform movements, or in any of his movements. He must bring himself to begin where he *must*, and to work hard and sometimes to make false steps in climbing. But God grant that we may be willing to work for all this; for there is need of it!"

Uncle John was very grave, and tears were in his eyes.

Aunt and Julia would like well enough hearing the lecture; but how—what could be done about dress? One must be in full dress at the Fair.—The bonnets that must be worn to the lecture—how could one dress the hair suitably for the Fair, and not have it all spoiled by sitting through the lecture in a close bonnet? How could one do

any thing with such a plan? Aunt was very stiff and Julia was ready to weep over all these difficulties.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Uncle John, good-naturedly; "the day is before us; you will have time to hit upon some expedient. Or! I by no means insist on *your* hearing the lecture. But I shall show my face there. Your folks will choose to go there first, I know, Susy."

"Yes, Uncle John."

"And have you thought anything about it, you and S——, what you will do?—how you will get along with this mighty affair of dress?"

"It will be a hot evening," I answered. "We shall wear muslins. They will be perfectly suitable for both places, with our shawls for the lecture-room."

"The hair! the hair!" interrupted Cousin Julia, impatiently; "what can *anybody* do about this?"

"I can have no trouble with mine certainly," I replied. "S—— wears hers very much as you do yours, Cousin Julia. She will wear her old straw, probably."

"Yes; and she will have no fear of any bones being broken either," said Uncle John, pettishly.

"It is different here at Concord to what you have been accustomed in the city," remarked Aunt Susan, in soothing tones. "Here our best, our most sensible ladies are never very particular; so that, as Clara Fisher says, it is *bon ton* to go as one pleases, to suit one's own convenience. But sit down, Susy, until this is settled; you will be tired to death."

"I must go now. Aunt Susan, you can find company for them if they decide on going directly to the Fair. We will be ready for the lecture when you come along. Good morning! good morning, every soul of you!" I courtesied myself out of the parlor, glad with the thought that in a moment more I would be in the clear air; and that I would run with all my speed away from G——! I did! Down the steps, through the large yard, and out the gate I went, I know not how; it seemed to me that I flew. I never supposed before that G—— could make out so respectable a business—running. He was at the gate and through it almost as soon as myself.

"Haw, haw, haw, haw!" went Uncle John's good laugh back in the door. Aunt Susan's gentler notes mingled with his; and stooping to look back into the hall, under the thick branches, we saw her holding upon Uncle John's arm with both her hands, that she might not fall of laughter.

It was different with Aunt Hempdale and Julia. They countenance no such hoydenisms as that; they just looked on with wondering eyes, and then turned to each other, silently to compare notes.—Laughing salutations were exchanged across the yard; and G—— and I tripped along the way, agreeing that it had absolutely made new creatures of us, just having that hearty bit of diversion. We lamented that play was not oftener permitted to come in and enliven our daily life; not silly, heartless laughter, foolish conversation, and flutter; these were only so many forms of *work*; but genuine play, that had sense and meaning in it; play that would drive the owls away from one's brain,

and clear away the cobwebs and dust. This was what we wanted.

"And we will have it, Susy mine, in our home, and wherever we are," said G——, offering me a cluster of rose-buds and leaves he had broken in Uncle John's yard.

"Yes; there will always be plenty of play where I am," said I, carelessly accepting the spray. "I suppose the only danger with me is, that it will be 'all play and no work.' Even the chairs, foot-stools, tables, books and papers will all go confusedly mad with so much play in their midst, while dust, clothes, brushes and brooms will enjoy an unending holiday. Can't you see?"

By this time I had torn up a part of his gift and thrown it on the side-walk before us; while, unseen by him, I had slipped the rest into my pocket for my evening toilet. I fancy G—— was as little pleased with this as with the picture I had made of my home.

"What possesses you to—" he began, evidently half-vexed. "Haven't I seen how it is in your home at F——, day after day? There is no—or there should be no quieter home, or one with more orderly chairs and foot-stools."

We laughed now, and cordially shook hands at our gate.

Young W—— and his mother called in the afternoon. By claiming them, as a matter of course, for our party at the lecture, and subsequently at the Fair, they readily consented to join us; even young W—— himself, who has hitherto only scoffed at temperance and temperance lecturers! He hesitated and colored an instant; but I kept on talking of the fame of the lecturer, the kindness he had shown and the good things he had done in his good cause. I was ready to weep. I prayed God with every breath, that he would incline young W——'s heart to hear him.

"We will come this way, my mother," said he. I could have gone on my knees to thank him for his words. So could his mother if I read her face aright.

He went with us to the lecture. No one asked him if he liked it, as we came away discussing it; but he was still. I fancied he was ready to weep and I was ready to weep for him.

"I wonder if half of these giddy things know what they are here for?" asked Uncle John. We were already within the arena, within hearing of a dozen "of those giddy things;" but this was nothing to Uncle John. Nothing unpleasant ever comes of this characteristic plainness of speech.—He is never in the least malicious; never in the least ill-natured, even when he scolds the hardest. He is at heart so truly kind, that he may speak with a blunt sincerity, that would be at once unbecoming and dangerous in an ill-natured man, without giving offence; even giving pleasure.—Lively people like to close with him in a hot skirmish when he is in this vein, as was seen at the Fair.

"Oh! I will tell you, Esquire L——!" exclaimed the beautiful Miss H——, putting herself in his path. "Ladies! I am so glad you have come! How do you all do this evening?" seizing both my hands. "Esquire L——, I am glad you and your party have come! I heard Mr. F—— had got

you, and I was mad. Now things will go strong!" She put her little foot down strong as she said this. "You wonder whether we giddy things know what we are here for, Esquire L—? I came, I honestly confess, in the first place, to show my new dress;—just like yours! see, Susan!—in the second place, to see the beaux; and in the third—which third ought perhaps to have been my first—to be seen of them. There comes pa! Pa! this way! this way! And, Susan!—I may call you Susan—"

I nodded and smiled.

"Thank you. There is your brother and Mr. K— and his lady; did they come with you?"

"Yes; they stopped with Mr. W—'s party as we came in."

"How fresh your sister is! Do you know? They say her baby is the prettiest in town; and Gen. W—'s folks all say she is like you—vastly like you." She tipped her head for a better scanning of my face. "What do you think, G—? do you think they are alive?"

G— could not tell; indeed she hardly gave him time before she whispered me to introduce her to my relatives—Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia—"if they would have no objections." I complied, and leaving her and aunt in the full tide of small conversation into which they launched immediately, I turned with G— to hear what Uncle John and Mr. H— were saying about temperance and the Rev. Mr. F—. Mr. H— is a very talented, grave man; his wife is a noble, benevolent-hearted woman; they have given their daughter every advantage of the schools and of society; and one cannot understand why it is that she is so exceedingly flighty.

She interrupted thoughts like these by throwing her arms around my waist, laughing in "her giggling way," as Uncle John calls it; and telling me that she and my Aunt Hempdale had been entering into a league of friendship, which she begged me to join; and "whether Mr. G— was willing, or not." I was dizzy and tired with her excessive gayety and talkativeness. It was like being caught up by a whirlwind, her coming upon me so suddenly, when the quiet influences of the lecture and of the evening without had such full possession of me. It was a relief to me being joined by the rest of our party, by others, and then moving to other parts of the immense room.

Our party bought refreshments "for our stomachs' sake;" and for the sake of the sailor for whom so few care, they bought a great many fancy articles. Uncle Hempdale set his head back, flung one arm beneath his coat-skirts, and was near buying them all out. Ottoman covers, fans, cushions, and baskets to hold them, were thrust by him upon us ladies, with the stiffest of all arms, the gravest of all faces. Uncle John filled a basket, a large gingham work-basket, his pockets, his hands; and put an emery-strawberry in his mouth, because Sister S— and I would have that, since he had proved himself so niggardly with the rest. He turned a part of his purchases over to Hal, in his good, kind, careless way. He knew that poor Hal's education swallows all his funds, so that he can never allow himself in any such extemporaneous outlays. This

was like him. He is so thoughtful always for one's comfort, in even the slightest matters! At our gate when Hal offered him his articles—"No!" uncle thanked him; "he had already more than he could manage. He must give him that basket of child's toys, also."

"Dispose of them as you will, my good Hal," said he, when Hal said something of taking them up in the morning. "Only don't bring them to me. I have enough here. You have the children here, and—and" (in brisker tones) "you have two greedy sisters who will swallow you and them, if you don't mind. Good-night, Hal! W—! Good-night, my dear, voracious nieces."

S— made a mincing face at him; that was her "good-night." I pinched his ear, and that was mine.

They will all be here to dinner to-day. Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia will spend several days here; and Hal meanwhile will make his home at Uncle John's. If I might do the same! I do not find myself truly comfortable long at a time where I must attend to Julia, be guided by her preferences, and do all those things by her that hospitality demands. At Uncle John's, and in public, when she is not our guest, I go my own ways chiefly, leaving her to do the same.

TUESDAY, 23d.

The days go along heavily—so sultry and close! and altogether intolerable! Thalia! let me imagine that you come in now with all the freshness, the coolness of the woods and springs at F— upon you. You have in your hand a sprig of the clematis that embowers the very spot we both know and like so well; the very shadiest and mossiest of all the meadow-brook. Your face is clear, gentle and smiling like a child's. Ah, Heaven! that we must always say—"like a child's;" never—"like a woman's, like a man's!" that we must go to the child for our similitudes of the pure, the natural, the heaven-like! I wonder if it need be so. I wonder if all the training, all the experience we meet, need mar our souls and our countenances; need make us more and more unlike the Christ-appointed model. I do not believe it—and yet I am fearful. Now that with fervent sincerity I pray—Heavenly Father, make me "like unto one of the little ones!" my faith goes upward like a strong-winged bird; but suddenly an arrow hits it and it comes fluttering and bleeding to the ground. The arrow is sent by experience. God help me! God help us! You sit down at my side, Thalia, and thus we speak—

Thalia. Dearest, your face is troubled.

Susy. Yes; and my heart is troubled. I wish the world were different. I wish everybody would do the best he or she can.

Thalia. What a glorious place this world would be then! The Creator has made it so good, materially! There is such wonderful beauty and perfection in the stars, the blue sky, the woods, the waters, the flowers—we can just hold our breath in admiring gratitude over all His works. But if we leave these and look round and see what man is, what he is doing, what selfishness and misery there is, we sink with sorrow and hopelessness.

Susy. Yes; I do, often. And then again I am thankful that there is so much goodness; for, Thalia dear, there is a great deal more goodness in the world than shows itself unless we search for it. Heart-sick aspirations for something beyond, something better than they have yet attained, love of children and home, confused, agonized prayer—mixed perhaps with habitual blasphemies—when danger threatens them—if we could look with the All-seeing eye, we should find these in the drunken, scoffing, loathsome man; in the filthy, ragged, shameless woman. And so, go where we will, we shall find the lights which the Redeemer of the world has set up, shining out with rays more or less feeble and unsteady, upon all the poverty, ignorance, wrong and misery, with which the world and “the fashions of the world” surround its poor children. Indeed, Thalia, I often wonder that people—especially the very poor, and the sadly tempted—do half as well as they do.

Thalia. Yes; but then the peccadillos of the higher classes, Susy! What can you, or any one say for the rich man who cheats his neighbor?

Susy. His vice is so common, he hardly believes Conscience when she tells him it is wrong. He don't stop to look into the hearts and homes of those he has helped make poor, or he would mend his ways; for often he has generous impulses. But he is doing a wicked thing, and God help him to see it; for the world will not.

Thalia. Yes; and God, or Jupiter, or somebody, help the woman who slanders her neighbor and worse than kills her; the man and woman, too, who plant their heel on the fallen brother or sister, instead of holding out their hands and helping them up. We may reasonably expect such things as we see here, such misdeeds, at Olympus, where we have Jupiter, Mars and Mercury among our gods, and Juno for our tutelary goddess; but not here, not here, where your only God is a God of Love; your only prince a Prince of Peace!

Susy. Ah, that is true, Thalia! I am almost ashamed of myself and my race. But W—— read it the other day from somebody's writings—“We are all better than our best friends believe us.” I know this is true so far as regards myself; and I believe it is the same with others. I know I have ten thousand worthy thoughts and emotions, that stop short of the worthy deed. I wrestle as Jacob did for the blessing of a pure heart, a corresponding life; and then, perhaps, the next hour, I am overtaken and mastered of the strong, adverse circumstances. Then I mourn over it; I pray to be forgiven and guided right in future.—Who knows this, Thalia? who gives me credit for the struggles, the penitence? No one; because nothing is seen but the wrong I do. Of course it is the same with others; or, varying as their temperaments and conditions vary. It gives me pleasure to believe this of them. It gives me hope in them, charity for them. For instance, Julia is cross sometimes, and—

Thalia. Your cousin Julia?

Susy. Yes. Not very cross; she isn't very cross, Thalia. Don't think this of her. I will tell you. You see this large, pleasant chamber opening out into the trees? Well, this is Julia's and my common sitting-room when we are above

stairs. We have each of us a small bed-chamber adjoining. I am sure I can't see that I neglect this room, that I clutter it. I am more careful a thousand times than I ever was before; because I am “upon trial” now, you know, Thalia; and because I saw immediately how very particular Cousin Julia is. But it does no good. A bit of paper, a withered flower, a leaf of mint—none of these have business in this room. No occupation so absorbs Cousin Julia, that she does not see them directly, and send them going out of the window. Newspapers are not tolerated, they are such ugly, lumbering things. She cannot see how I can sit so composedly and write, with books lying “any way,” as she has it, on the carpet at my feet. She never could; it disturbs her seeing me do it. But you see how it is, Thalia. A part of these books I love, a part of them I study some portion of every day. Those that I love and those that I study I must have near me, and there is not room on my table for them all and my papers. As for the newspapers, they are ugly and lumbering as Julia says; but she must let me read the dailies, since I so seldom go to the House. Uncle Hempdale feels no interest in legislative proceedings; aunt and Julia abominate them. This keeps us at home. Another thing keeps me at home; but for this other thing I should sometimes go with Hal, brother-in-law, or Uncle John.

Thalia. What may this other thing be? Something unpleasant, I know.

Susy. Yes—yes; it is something very unpleasant. Young W—— is often there; and—and—why, I shouldn't mind his being there, if he were alone, or with his mother, or with any one but he who is always with him of late, a Mr. Vernon of New York city.

Thalia. Ah? Is he—he is not falling in love with you?

Susy. Falling in love with me? No indeed! What put this into your head?

Thalia. Pardon me, dearest. But I have noticed that it is with you here as it is with us at Olympus. If you young people have trouble, it is generally from *malapropos* falling in love, or being fallen in love with, or something of that sort.—Pardon me; if he does not love you, what—

Susy. Why he hates me! quite another affair as you must acknowledge. He hates me because he dreads my influence with W——, who is his complete dupe. It is known to a few here in town that he—Vernon—is a miserable profligate; that he is a gambler and a wine-bibber, and that these are not his worst faults. But it is kept comparatively still; partly because he lavishes money without stint on oysters and champagne; because it is—“Hail, my fellow! well met!” with every spirited young man he can lay his hands on; partly in deference to his fine cloth, to the easy elegance of his manner; and, still, partly because he has matchless effrontery, where his money, his cloth, and his graciousness do not serve him. He carries a high head; he plants himself in your way and says by his manner—Respect me! or if you do not, tolerate me! or if you will not do this either, I am indifferent. I can make my way, I thank you! There are enough less discerning than yourself, to answer all my purposes. But,

mark me! if you are my enemy, then am I yours! If you thwart me in any way, then—the very devil is not more malicious than I can be! Actually, Thalia, this is what his looks say to me whenever we meet; and at the same time nothing can equal the breadth of his smile, the suavity of his manner. Oh, he *must* appeal to me; he lisps—and it is as if a snake hissed in my ear; I shrink from it just the same. He *must* appeal to me. He *must* know if I do not agree with him respecting such an author; such a member of the legislature; such and such movements of John P. Hale; such and such remarks in the House, or in private conversation, of General W——, of Esquire N——, or of some other "Sir Oracle." He must regret that I was not in the galleries the day before, to see what strength and nerve young A——, member from H——, put into his reply to the veteran N——.

Thalia. Miserable! Of course he is everywhere; such disagreeable persons always are.

Susy. Yes, everywhere. We met him yesterday at General W——'s. Both to avoid his flatteries, and to conceal the ill-humor I felt at meeting him there, I turned away from them all to look at some plants. But he had the impudence to follow; and, after asking some careless question about the plants, to begin in a low voice talking of my friend, as he styled her, "the charming Miss H——." (The gay young lady we met at the Fair, you remember, Thalia.) He had been told, he said, that her family was one of the best in C——. Was it so? He had himself seen that she was the wittiest, the most agreeable, the most amiable of ladies. Was it not so? He wished that—in short, that she were less, or he were greater, and then he might think of her. As it was, even I could not think him worthy of her. "Even I?" Was there ever such impertinence, Thalia? I turned away from him without replying; and begged S—— to go then if she was ready. I bowed to W—— with sorrow in my face I know. He bent his eyes to the floor.

"Why is my child so very grave this evening?" inquired Mrs. W——, as she took my hand at parting. "What has happened to her, Mrs. K——?"

"Indeed, Mrs. W——, I don't know," answered S——, looking in my face.

Mrs. W—— still held my hand, and looked inquiringly into my eyes.

"I am—I can't tell you, dear Mrs. W——; I am just—dissatisfied, out of humor, and every thing that I would not desire to be," answered I, drawing away my hand, half-laughing and half-crying.

"I shall come in to-morrow, and talk it over with you," said Mrs. W——, after me, as I hurried from the door.

"Come in; but don't talk it over with me—not one word—it is altogether too disagreeable," I replied.

I saw Vernon near a window. He was curious to hear what answer I would make. He heard, no doubt.

Thalia. Is it certain that he is altogether so vicious as you describe him?

Susy. It is quite certain. A certain gentle-

man, whom I must not name, because he does not wish it reported from him, goes often to Boston and New York on business. He has seen Vernon in both those places, often in New York, and he has abundant reasons for what he affirms, Uncle John says. He says moreover that the gentleman is a man of unimpeachable honor. Another gentleman, who also must be nameless, went to Boston one day last week, and by the same train went Vernon. They boarded at the same hotel; and in the evening, knowing that the Concord gentleman was a stranger in the city, *not* knowing that he was from Concord, Vernon invited him to a gambling house.

Thalia. Oh, Jupiter! and he saw—

Susy. He saw that he drank high and gambled high; and what is infinitely worse, cajoled others to do the same. Vernon came back to Concord with a heavy purse of course. He has still the means of sustaining his *respectability* here in town; for, excepting the few first unimportant ones, he swept every stake into his own pockets. I have no hope of poor W—— if Vernon remains; for he has him fast in his snares. W—— absolutely likes him, and cannot bear that one word be spoken against him. This is unaccountable; they are so unlike each other in all their qualities. I fancy there is more than we all dream in this philosophy of attraction of opposites.

Thalia. They have at least one passion in common.

Susy. No. Vernon goes to the gambling-table for the means of dashing through life in his chosen, off-hand way: W—— goes there as he goes to the brandy cups, to cool his inward, constitutional fever; to exchange for his restlessness, stupefaction; to forget; to sleep; if waking, to be carried above his heavy, sinking melancholy.—There is a great difference, all in W——'s favor.

Thalia. True. But, Susy dear, what has become of your charity for all sorts of evil-doers? I have not once known it to fail before.

Susy. Ah, it is gone! I have looked in vain for it; and I have seen that something is wrong. All but this Vernon, who seems neither to deserve nor want anybody's charities—for all but him, I still have charity and patience; but I confess I have not one jot of either for him. I dare say this is wrong. I know nothing about the circumstances of his fall, the temptations that have beset him. He has yielded to them so far that he is ruined; but how do I know, Thalia, that he has not for all this resisted ten-fold more than ever have placed themselves in my way? And I have had full enough, as my struggling heart, my wayward life can testify. There is one other great thought which should check me and every other one who would drive even the vilest from their charities. Hard as Vernon is now, he was once a soft, happy, innocent child. And he had a mother, no doubt, who loved him, took care of him, gave up her sleep, her rest for him, and who looked forward to his future with mingled hope and misgiving. For the sake of his childhood and his mother I will try and have more patience with him. Good-morning, now, my Thalia. Go back to F——; take an abundance of sighs back with you from me. And here! take these withered

flowers along. G— gave them to me last evening. Put them in the spring by the meadow brook; and if they revive, I will "take it for a sign" that G— and I—

I wonder what Thalia or anybody can think of this foolishness I am writing? I will throw the withered flowers out into the dewy turf—thus. Then Julia will not lay her long, quick fingers on them; and I shall be saved one heart-sickening twinge of foreboding. I am not superstitious; but I have known signs that worked their own, legitimate fulfilment; and certainly if any thing comes between me and G— to separate us, it will be Cousin Julia throwing away the flowers we pluck together; the fragrant, the beloved mint-leaves he brings me when he comes, from his own garden; it will be Cousin Julia drawing herself up stern and dark, wishing that *any thing* could remain for an hour as she places it, begging that I would be a little more careful, and not get things out of order so. Ah, Heavens! the old story! the old complaint! the old petition! and it crushes me as it never did before; for it threatens the destruction of such pleasant hopes in my own heart, and what grieves me a thousand times more than this, in the good, true heart of another! Ah, if Cousin Julia had only not come! or if she were only like my sister S—. She, S—, does not see that I do any such outrageous things; she utters no such disheartening reproofs. I can well conceive how indignant she would be, if she were once to hear Julia. And W— and Hal, I know very well with what emphasis their feet would be put down as they went through the rooms, if I were to tell them but one thing out of the ninety-and-nine. Their sympathy would help me to survive the trial better, but it will not be mine; I shall not tell them how greatly I need it; for Julia's sake I shall not do this.

I wrote last evening until midnight, because I felt that I could not sleep if I attempted it. Then this morning I was awakened while it was yet dark, by dreams of ugly, black faces with glistening teeth and eyes, watching me stealthily through the trees in our yard. I rose as soon as I could see to write. I wanted to be stirring, to feel this cool morning air. I have been writing ever since. Now it is—now the sun rises through crimson and golden clouds, and I shall go and wake the boys, and take them with me a long, long walk! They will go over each other's heads with the joy they will find in the rising sun, the birds, and all the glorious things that belong to the morning.

LATER.

What pretty thoughts nestle sometimes in the brains of the little ones! and what simple, pretty ways they find of expressing them!

On our way back this morning, to keep the boys quiet, I began talking with them of Him who made the morning, the trees and the birds. There is nothing they love so well as this; they will leave the most attractive play at any time to be told of Him. Henry, who a moment before was running and leaping with the others, now walked erect at my side with the dignity and thoughtfulness of manhood upon him. Nill's lips were apart and his large eyes were turned up to my face, re-

gardless of the impediments of the walk, which every few moments made him stumble. Howy, the little shortest of all the Fudges that there be, put his plump hands in his apron pockets, bent his head, and walked with slow, thoughtful steps.

"Aunt Susy!" began Nill, his eyes growing still larger, and his voice swelled, as it were, and agitated with awe. "Aunt Susy! I've wanted to ask you or mother a great *many* times, if—if—were you here, Aunt Susy, when St. Nicholas came and gave us all them things?"

"No; but you told me about it. You showed me his gifts."

"Well, I've wanted to ask you, and mother, and father, if you don't love St. Nicholas almost, *almost* as well as you do God. I do. I love him! I do love him! Somehow, when I think about him, it seems to me as if he was close to God; close! just as close! as if he was his son!"

I did not reply; but Henry began explaining the matter to him. I stooped down to look in Howy's face. He too was listening to what Henry would say, and with parched, tired-looking lips. I therefore called their attention to the little cakes I had given them at starting, the half of which still remained untasted in their pockets.

Ah, yes; they were hungry they all said; and straightway they fell to eating their cakes and throwing crumbs over the fence to the birds.

We have scarcely been free from callers the whole afternoon and evening. My fast friend of many years, she who tells me when I am here, and writes me when I am away, all her pleasures and her cares, Mrs. A—, came, cordial as a sister, drawing the little Fanny in her wicker carriage; for it is only a little way. We did not talk fast; we never do. But we looked quietly in each other's face, and felt grateful in knowing that we understand and love each other.

Miss H— was here at the same time, and was near going crazy over the two babies—Mrs. A—'s Fanny and our Jenny.

"Oh! but," exclaimed she, at length, coming away from the babies, "nothing makes me forget long how mad I am with that old crab-apple tree, General W—!"

"Is it true, then, what I have heard?" asked Mrs. N—, who was here at the same time.

Miss N— was telling me what shocking things had just happened to Mrs. B—'s new thirty dollars' silk dress. She stopped and turned half round to listen.

"Probably," said Miss H—, with a shrug of her shoulders, in reply to Mrs. N—. "You can have heard no *more* than is true. The good Heavens! what can he know of Mr. Vernon, pray? No one believes the stories that are told about him—"

"You are mistaken here, Harriet Augusta," interrupted Mrs. N—. "I know of several who, at least, *fear* they are true."

"Fear!" repeated Miss H—, with contempt. "Yes; of course there will be *buts* and *fears*, enough of them. There always are here in Concord, if any thing like this comes out. The truth of the matter is, one-half of the very humane people who screw their mouths and say 'I fear'—mean 'I hope!'"

"Oh, Harriet Augusta!" exclaimed Miss N——, laughing.

"The truth! There are no bits so precious as bits of scandal. Everybody—or with a few exceptions—everybody runs to get a taste; and there is such a holding up of the hands! such a smacking of the lips! I laugh; but I am provoked, for all that. Nobody will father the reports; there is no finding out where they started. Still General W——, with his headlong wilfulness, credits them all; and is ready to tear poor Marcus limb from limb, because he will not renounce Vernon.—Umph! I hate him!—Miss L——! Susy!" (catching my hand in hers) "you think me bewitched to talk in this way; I see you do."

I looked her quietly in the face, but made no reply. Mrs. N—— saved me the trouble.

"They say he is at all the oyster suppers in town; and that there never were so many," said she. "I wonder if any one knows how he carries himself there?"

"Marcus W—— himself told papa that he drinks much less wine than many others," answered Miss H——. "He is wealthy and generous it seems. He buys oysters and—"

"And wine?" I asked, finding that she hesitated to speak the whole truth.

"Yes, Susy; and so do others," replied she, looking down on her fan.

"True, Miss H——. Would that they did not!" I answered. Other callers coming in just then, the N——s and Miss H—— took their leave.

Mrs. and Miss B—— likewise, they had heard the reports touching Vernon. They broached the subject; but finding that we had no comments to make, they dropped it for Mr. T——, for Mr. T——! a man of his position, his refinement, sitting at table, he and his lovely wife, with the Irish maid, Bridget! Unheard-of nonsense! But he would come to his senses, when he found that he could not re-publicanize Concord with his radical notions of equality, respect, self-respect, and so on. Did not we think the same? Did my sister allow her maid at table? at all times? when she had visitors?

"Mary chooses to stay away and take care of little Jenny when we have visitors," replied S——. "Otherwise she would come at all times. She is a well-educated girl. Her father is a very wealthy farmer, and one of the first men in S——."

"Oh, indeed! this alters the case. But why, pray, does the daughter go to service?"

"There are so many daughters! They are not all needed at home; they teach, they go to the factories to service; they see the world in this way, and contribute to the prosperity of the home. The parents work, Mrs. B——, why should not the daughters?"

"There is no good reason truly, Mrs. K——," replied Mrs. B——, speaking now with a quiet earnestness very unlike the flutter and affectation with which she began. "I remember—I was exceedingly mortified once. I had a very amiable, faithful girl a few years ago, Rebecca Plumer, you remember her, Agnes," (turning to her daughter.) "Her education I saw was better—better than my own," she continued, coloring slightly. "She was

easy and like a lady in her manner and conversation; still I never once thought of having her come to our table; for I had never been accustomed to allow it. It was not long before she had notes from some young ladies of H——, her native town, who, as I knew—for they had friends in Concord—were the first young ladies of H——. Soon I ascertained farther, that she was of the Plumer family I had heard my father mention with so much respect. She was wishing one fine summer morning that she could see home that morning. I, partly to gratify her, but more I own to gratify my curiosity about her, offered to take the horse and buggy and little Tommy, and ride over. It was only ten miles. We went, and I was ashamed of myself that I had not allowed that young lady to sit at table with me! Why, their house was a noble great one, and full of every thing! There were paintings and drawings executed by Rebecca, better ones than I had ever seen here in town. Her father was a richer man than my husband; he had not so large a share of available funds, I presume; but he had a larger property. I at first suspected some sort of Quixotism in the young lady; but, no; as you said of your girl, Mrs. K——, she wanted to see more of the world, and her friends were all settled there quietly at H—— so that she could not visit. And besides, as she said, she wanted money of her own, to do with as she pleased. She wanted to support herself, while the education of her younger sisters and her brother was going on. I am sure I shall never forget that lesson; but then, ladies, there are few Rebeccas and Marys among our hired girls. With a slack, ignorant Irish girl like Mrs. T——'s, like most of the hired girls we have in town now, it is different. Don't you think that it is?" she appealed to both of us, to my sister and me.

Yes—it was different—yes; one could not do just the same; but—

We got no farther; for Uncle John came in talking all the way through the hall; and breaking out afresh, as soon as he had bowed to us all, about some vexatious things going on at the House this afternoon. From some little explanation, I found it was not so very bad, after all. The resolution that had just passed, contrary to Uncle John's wishes, was altogether an unimportant one, as it appears to me a very large number of the resolutions are. I beg the pardon of the honorable members, and of the constituents who lay out their work for them; but I really fancy I could sometimes furnish them with better materials than those they work upon.

Neither were Uncle John's wishes very strenuous upon the point; he wanted to scold, that was all. Therefore I made him old-fashioned courtesies one way and another. I held little Jenny up to him, let her run her wax-like fingers through his hair; then I frolicked with her a bit; and, as I knew she would, if stimulated, she clenched both hands full of the long locks, drew herself back in my arms, pulling with all her strength, and laughing. Especially she laughed to hear Uncle John's exclamations, to see him put his face into all manner of distortions from pretended pain, and caper about the room so strangely while we ran after him.

Mrs. L—— and her beautiful daughter Laura called, accompanied by the Misses Nute, visitors from Roxbury. They are sweet ladies all of them. It was so good talking with them, listening to their remarks, their replies—now witty, now grave, always spirited, and with meaning in them! Not a word of scandal! One would not have known from them that Vernon, or General W——, or any other vicious or unreasonable person was in existence. But Mrs. M—— had been doing a noble thing; we must know about this; we would admire the act as they did. She had a nephew in the country; young, of great promise, but poor. Mrs. M—— had made arrangements for carrying him through college and giving him a profession.

"He is an only son and his mother is a widow," continued Mrs. L——, her placid eyes filling with tears. "We can easily conceive how happy Mrs. M—— has made them both, the mother and the son."

"She herself has found an equal pleasure, I dare say," remarked the elder Miss Nute.

"Yes, indeed! She has lost a husband and her two only children within ten years. She almost died at first; but now she thinks of them, as she goes on towards them, working for the poor, the sick, and the troubled; and she is a truly happy woman."

They promised that we should soon meet this good, this afflicted lady. And would we not call for them to-morrow morning before the dew was gone, and go back to Pleasant street to see Mrs. C——'s garden? The walks were all gravelled; we should have no trouble with the dampness; but we should be charmed. There was such a profusion of roses of different kinds! such a multitude of other kinds of garden flowers! such an array of house-plants! Ah, it would do us good!

We gladly promised compliance; for already Mrs. C—— had herself made the same petition.

My good, my best G—— came in the sober twilight time, when all others were away; and I let him have peace; for will he not have troubles enough, if I spare him those little annoyances I have had such pleasure in inflicting. I need not say "pleasure" either; it was not absolutely pleasure, but they were expedients to prevent a great pain hereafter, it—if things go unhappily between us, if I must at the end of my probation say—No, my friend. I love you, but I cannot make myself fit for you.

I let him see this evening that I was glad to be near him; to sit with my hand lying in his; to talk seriously with him, looking into his good eyes. While we sat thus we heard Cousin Julia's voice. She was speaking to aunt on her way to the front parlor where we were sitting. We were neither of us pleased. G—— sighed heavily, relinquished my hand with a soft pressure and rose to go.—Others came in immediately after Julia, and then I came to my own room.

Julia came up just as the clocks were striking the hour of ten; and instead of coming into this room, as she usually does, to undress her hair, and lay off her jewels, she repaired immediately to her bed-chamber. I called her; but she only made some indistinct reply that I could not understand—partly because I am a little deaf and partly be-

cause she mumbled it; she did not come. I was grieved and choked; but as soon as I could command my voice tolerably, I said, "Good-night," pleasantly, and wrote on, soon forgetting my troubles in my pleasant occupation.

But now, my Thalia, a cheerful, loving good-night for you. Would that my poor Julia were as pleasant and happy as I fancy you to be! Would that I could love her as I love you, ideal being as you are!

Hear me! I sigh, and sigh, and sigh! I see now how unhappy one can be, while to those who just look on the outside, every thing seems smiling and prosperous. People think me perfectly happy; they envy me; and so they may perhaps for the most part; but actually, there are minutes, hours lately of every day and night, when it seems to me that Vernon and Julia are killing me. I suppose it is so all over the world. All have their trials, apparent, or concealed. The woman who wants bread, has perhaps no bitterer want than myself and ten thousand beside, who appear to have every wish gratified. This world is a melancholy place then. How infinitely unbearable must it be to him who believes that this is our all of life! that there is no happier land beyond, for which all our troubles here, if we let them work their legitimate results, are preparing us! Vernon is an atheist; and "may God have mercy on his soul!" I cannot feel that any but the Omnipotent One can do any thing for him.

THE 25th.

We had not half enough vases for the flowers with which the good, motherly Mrs. C—— loaded us off. Good! we must have moss vases then! we must have a ride then in search of moss, children and all! Uncle John, Aunt Susan, and all! No sooner said than, wheugh! our hearts were up in our mouths. We kept saying softly to the children—"Still!—a little stiller, boys!" but we were as crazy as they. The little thing down on the carpet was infected. She laughed, crowed, kept clapping her arms to her sides, save when S—— or I came near; then she laughed out merrily thinking how she would catch our skirts, making at the same time an effort to this end.—Now and then she gave a little convulsive sob at her failure; but in an instant she was laughing again, if we just set her the example, or danced a few steps before her.

Hal had not been gone a half hour, before he was again at the door with Uncle John and Aunt Susan. Aunt came in, and began immediately turning her careful eyes round to see what there was yet to do to make us ready. She hurried, she said, that she might be there to help us rig off the boys.

"There is so much to do when there are so many!" continued she, in the kind, sympathizing tones that brought tears to sister's eyes.

Uncle John also was running over with delight and kindness. He took his carry-all, he said, that there might be a place with him and "mother," as he often calls Aunt Susan, for Hal and me, or for the boys.

Uncle Hempdale came with a buggy, whose very wide seat would accommodate himself, aunt

and Julia. A carry-all was brought for W——, and thus we were all provided for. Sundry little parcels and baskets put without comments into the carriage-boxes deserve to be named; for they bore a substantial share in the pleasures of the morning.

In an old half-decayed orchard in the neighborhood of "Turkey Pond," white W—— and Hal essayed their luck at angling, we deposited "sister" on our blanket-shawls in the shade of the orchard trees, and gathered mosses and sat on the soft turf, dreamily talking and enjoying ourselves. I bore my full share in all the liveliness and festivity of the morning; but I was ill at ease as often as it came into my head—my missing ring! It was given me by G——. I am sure I lay it last evening on my dressing-table, as I always do at night. I am so accustomed to slipping it on in the morning when I dress, that I do it often without remarking the act. I cannot tell, therefore, whether I put it on this morning. I did not miss it until we sat down to our luncheon. Of course I put it on and lost it in moss-gathering. There is no other way; and this seems more probable as the ring was too large. I have many times wiped it off. I washed my hands in the pond, before laying the refreshment, talking all the while with the anglers; and in my perfectly *unconquerable* careless habits, I never know clearly what I am doing with my hands, if I am in the least excited with what is going on. Does not, my Thalia, see what is before me? and does she not pity me?

THE 26th.

I have told G—— my misfortune; and I wept so violently that he suspected what I would say farther. He laid his hand on my lips and would not let me speak. It was a perfectly natural accident, he said. He had seen himself that the ring was altogether too large; the carelessness therefore was *all* on his part. He should have provided against its loss by exchanging it as he had been intending, still *neglecting* to do. He should bring several from which to choose another, and—. I interrupted him with a decided "No! not another ring!" And then seeing how wretched this made him look, I was myself more wretched than ever; and I wept until I was almost too weak to breathe.

We parted thus at a late hour; he, sad and still, I in tears.

SATURDAY, 27th.

G—— called this morning, just after breakfast, with a carriage to take me to ride. I would have refused; I did at first; but—. Yes! I must go. I was paler than any ghost they had ever seen, W—— and Hal said. Yes! *certainly* I must go out in the air and get an appetite for breakfast, S—— said. I had not swallowed a mouthful yet, and Mary had cooked a delicious little trout purposely to tempt me, too. She tied on my bonnet and wrapped me in my shawl as she talked; I meanwhile standing without motion, ready to fall of weakness, letting them do with me just as they pleased.

It was good for me that I went; for the air gave me strength. But my heart was heavier

than lead within me; my lips were parched with the hot breath, so that with a half-sigh and a half-smile I answered all G——'s efforts to enliven me. At length he seemed to lose all courage.—He settled back in the carriage, pressed my hand a moment to his eyes, and I felt the hot tears on it! I was beside myself on seeing the quiet, phlegmatic G—— moved to this. I wiped away his tears, if indeed there were any beside those on my hand; I begged him to be happy. I myself would be; I would forget my—my carelessness. My probation, after all, was to last six months. Not half of it had yet passed; and who could tell what metamorphosis might come over me in the remaining time?

Aye, surely! surely! why had we not thought of this before? We were both new creatures! The fields and the sky were new! It was as if an April shower had just passed over them and us; the sun was shining; all things had a glorious tinge; but—but there was weeping; the still drops were falling.

Neither had G—— ate any breakfast he acknowledged as, on our return, we sat down to the table lain for two. S—— joined us, and the children, and made diversion for us, else I do not think we should have made any great amends for our early neglect. As it was, we drank coffee, and ate tart after tart until there were no more left. We laughed, we frolicked like children; and G—— went off to his carriage at last, threatening me with imprisonment for life "with bonds," for stealing the last tart there was, when he as good as had it in his mouth, and his last half-cupful of coffee, when he had only been borrowing a spoonful or so of mine.

He sent me a note by Hal at noon; which lies now within my hand. He was happy, he said; and he had *magnetic* intimations that so was I. He must come this evening—I must allow him.

Yes, come. He comes now; earlier than he has any business to. I was to look in on Mrs. A—— and her little Fanny before he came.

EVENING.

Another ring is on my finger, a splendid thing; but so slender and delicate near the setting! I fear I shall break it in some way. He begged that he might present me a brooch also. There was one, a cameo, with the head of the Madonna, a magnificent affair, that he would like to see me wear. He thought a rich brooch altogether a convenient, an elegant appendage to a lady's dress. Would I not allow him to bring it—and a chain also for my pencil? would I not have a chain?

"I should break the chain and lose the brooch in less than a fortnight!" answered I, remorselessly.

I would not allow myself to say a word against the ring; I would not disturb him by reviving an unpleasant subject. But when he came in with such absolutely girlish enthusiasm for brooch and chain—I was provoked. I longed to give him back his ring, and once had it off my finger for this purpose. I was so delicate and fair, he added, it was charming to see me elegantly dressed.

Would I not be induced to wear the brooch—at least the brooch?

"No, I thank you," said I, coolly, looking down on my fingers; "I should lose it in a fortnight. I like it best as I am." And still cool, cooler than any cucumber you ever saw, Thalia, I went to the table and began gathering up my sewing. When this was done, I put my head out the door and called S— to come in and sew with me; and then as I resumed my seat and began making my needle fly, I began likewise to quarrel with G— about abolition and John P. Hale.

W— and Hal came in and we had it right and left! G—, as is his wont, kept mostly in ambush; but I managed to hit him several times nevertheless. W— and Hal planted themselves directly in my way. Sometimes they laid down their arms before me. "Yes—yes; true; in that I was right!" And then, in an instant, it was, "No! no! no! a most absurd idea!" and clash! flash! we had it again. We laughed; we had tears in our eyes; we were earnest; excited; but not once in the least angry; and this is what I like better than I do chains and cameos. Do not mistake me, Thalia. I do not like it when a woman brawls, and comes in everywhere with what she calls her politics—namely: questions of which is the fittest for president, Polk or Clay; which the fittest for governor, Colby or Williams; and which for representative, Smith or Jones.—But there are political questions in which woman has an interest equal with man's. Among these are the questions of freedom and slavery, peace and war. These she should in the first place understand; and upon these she should in the second place speak; providing always, that she "speak softly," and at the right time and place.

TUESDAY, 30th.

We shall start next Tuesday for the mountains.

Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia have gone this morning to spend the interim at Uncle John's, that we may have more time for our preparations. We do not need much time for *ourselves* merely, as our outfits are to be very simple—brown linen, braid and buttons for some times, and each of us a pair of thick-soled morocco boots; this is all we have purchased. Uncle John, who, pinching my ears, first one and then the other, and making all sorts of wry faces, proposed being my purser for the outfit, was sincerely cross when I assured him that in those two little packages I had all I needed, all I would have. I had not bethought myself about it, he said; there must be other things. Was there no muslin, or lace, or gossamer-web wanted? Why, Julia had a cart-load already; and yet she had just come in from shopping with parcel upon parcel of such stuffs. With my simple things, it could not be that I had no need of any thing more. If I would just say the word, I should have a supply of clothes and—jewels, too, the deuce! that would help me to outshine my cousin Julia as far in fashion as I already did in agreeableness of face and temper. Would I not say the word? It would give him more pleasure than any other thing I could say or do.

"Et tu, Brute!" and you, too, Uncle John! thought I, in a temper sufficiently Cæsar-like to

make me *think* of dying, and going where it should no more be the grand question—"Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Then I reflected that I was growing altogether too pusillanimous for one who had something to do in life, in the life that is "a battle-field;" drooping in the midst of action, as I am inclined to do of late, or thinking of flight, as often as there came a little heat in the strife, a little confusion. I drew myself up on these thoughts, and said—"No, Uncle John. I am well enough as I am. I like myself; other people like me; you like me, cross as you are; and this is enough. I can never bear being bothered with such things. And you, Uncle John, how would you like waiting for me always to choose among my multitude of dresses, to put

* Rings on my fingers and bells on my toes; *

how would you like this?"

Uncle John laughed outrageously; then suddenly he was quiet; and with cordially approving eyes and voice, he told me I was right. He could perceive that, instinctively, or of my good sense and taste, I dress as is most suitable for me. But were there no substantial articles—handkerchiefs, I would want an abundance of these in making a journey, and such a journey.

Oh, yes, I had forgotten those! Yes, I should want a half-dozen and! and a half-dozen pairs of cotton hose, half of them colored, the other half white. The deuce! I should have them? and away went Uncle John on his kind errand.

I *didn't* need so many, Thalia. But I wanted to give Uncle John a pleasure; and, besides, such articles are all along coming into use. The boots we purchased, to wear in the muddy mountain-paths going to the Flume and Pool, and also when we ascend the mountains. One must sometimes alight and stand on the icy-cold, wet ground, while a shoe is fastened on one's horse's foot. And sometimes one chooses to alight and walk awhile over the corduroy road. Here, as in the clayey paths to the Flume and Whirlpool, India rubber shoes are slippery, unsafe and tiresome incumbrances; while cloth gaiters and slippers are soon saturated with water.

For many days now, my Thalia, I must only think of you and sew, *not* write, unless it be now and then a word.

10 O'CLOCK, EVENING.

Beautiful, beautiful handkerchiefs Uncle John has bought for me! fine and delicate as the gossamer-web of which he spake. This is what I like—beautiful handkerchiefs; but the beauty, the richness must be in the fabric itself, not in embroidery.

JULY 1st.

I am provoked! I heartily with my ideal beau, (he of the grease spots and wry cravat, you know, Thalia,) was going to the mountains instead of G—. One would hear something from him, I fancy, beside—the cameo brooch; the cameo brooch with a head of the Madonna!

G— teased me until I consented to accept it; which I did, hoping—as I live, Thalia!—that I should, as I have forewarned him, lose it in less than a fortnight.

It lies on my table before me. I love it for the marvelously well-executed Madonna. She is so soft, so meek, so mother-like! If G—— felt the same sentiment towards it, I confess I would be well satisfied to wear it. But, alas! all his rhapsodies are over the ornament, the convenient adaptation to a lady's dress! Ah, my heart yearns for him—for him of the grease spots, whom for convenience and euphony's sake I will call—Thorn, Dr. Thorn. This will do, will it not, Thalia? I like this title, both because Hal is a candidate, and because it applies to a most benevolent and useful class of men.

If he were going with me to the mountains, what would he have to say about my wardrobe, think you? It is ridiculous thinking of his mentioning such things as brooches and chains. He would not even know that I do not wear them daily. He would not—in short, he would not say any of the things that I would not wish him to say about me and my dress, and I should be free, free!

THURSDAY.

Vernon has gone; and were it sure, as he said, that he has gone to New York, and alone, I should sing aloud some joyful thing as I work. But young W—— left town, the succeeding day, for Boston. It is thought that Vernon will meet him and remain with him there, else that they will proceed together to New York; at any rate, that where one is the other will be also.

Vernon had the effrontery to call the evening before he left. W—— was with him, seeming languid and spiritless as a sick child. But Vernon made amends for his taciturnity and ours. He admired Jenny, but this failed to conciliate us, we still did not bend. Our plants—there were no such plants in town; Mrs. Gen. W——'s, Mrs. Esq. L——'s, Mrs. Dr. W——'s, and "my friend, the charming Miss H——'s," made the nearest approaches. He was a good judge in the matter; he had seen theirs often, very often. He had just come from the Hon. H. W——'s. A charming lady and charming daughters had the Hon. H. W——. He was indebted to them; no small share of the felicity he had enjoyed at Concord he owed to them. He had come a stranger—with letters, certainly, but then to all intents and purposes a stranger—and they had taken him into their favor and patronage. He was indebted to them. We assented coolly by bows. We had no belief in all this vaunted intimacy and patronage; and if we had had, it would not have been otherwise; we should have been disgusted by his vanity. We know that he is a miserable man, vicious, false and intriguing; and we have no smiles, no cordiality for him.

One thought begins to trouble me. It may be that, notwithstanding his outward deference to me, his bows, his broad smiles, his cringing flatteries, my coolness makes him inwardly angry; that thus it hardens him and carries him farther and farther from goodness. If it is so, God forgive me and counteract the mischief I have wrought. If I meet him again, I will not receive him as I would a good man, nor will I turn my back to him and scorn him as I have done hitherto; I

can feel that if I were vicious it would not reclaim me being treated in this wise. I will stand still and look quietly and without scorn in his face. When he says a clever, or a generous thing, I will listen to him, and then say with honest good nature: Mr. Vernon, you are very clever; you have agreeable points; and I am sorry that I can't like you. But I can't, I have heard such bad things touching your morality. I will say it with the feelings we erring ones should extend to frail human nature ever so much degraded, of sorrow and not of anger. And then he will not be indignant. He will no longer hiss and smile with malice, and perhaps revenge in his heart. I wish he would come back! Oh, I wish he would come back! if I must be ever so much troubled; for I fear he will utterly ruin poor W——. It is said he knows perfectly the general's hostility to him, that he hissed and smiled over this also. I think it would not be wide of his character if he were to undertake revenging upon W——'s head the scorn of his father and his friend Susy—and of others too. I fear no one treated him correctly. One part of the community set themselves up like mill-saws against him; among these were Gen. W——, myself and many others, from whom wiser measures might have been expected. The other part, blinded by his artfulness, charmed by his elegance, conciliated by his generosity, awed by his "front of brass," or participating in his vices, surrounded him, both to keep the mill-saws from harming him, and to have "a good lively time with him, he is such a witty soul!" as Miss M—— said to me, to taste his oysters and his champagne. Ah! there are many ways of wronging one, not dreamed of in our superficial philosophy; and from these unthought-of ways come, I am convinced, an absolutely frightful amount of the wrong-doing we so arrogantly censure and despise.

FRIDAY MORNING, 3rd.

The work goes industriously on, setting a few stitches here and a few stitches there, now that the tunic-making is over.

The boys—you do not know, dear Thalia, but every mother who has three spirited boys knows very well that there is always something that needs to be done for the boys. By the time one gets round with the new aprons, the first one made has "come to mending;" one has just time to draw a long breath of self-gratulation over the new pants for all the boys, and to lay one hand leisurely across the other, before, "Oh, dear! a hole in one knee, and as good as a hole in another!" Do not all prudent mothers who economise by doing their own sewing know this? They know then that S—— and I, who wish their clothes left in perfect order, find it difficult overtaking things. They know that sometimes we are discouraged, and say that there never were three other such tearing boys; and that again we laugh and suppose that it is so with all boys—only we know that many are much worse than ours in this respect.

Little Jenny sits on the carpet when no one comes to toss her about and frolic with her. She puts out her beautiful arms and inclines herself

lovingly towards us, but we can only laugh with her, sing to her, and when neither of these things will do, find her fresh play things, we are so busy. "Poor little thing!" we say; and our hearts ache with pity for her; partly because we have no time to amuse her, and partly because we are so soon going off on our pleasure-hunting journey, leaving her behind with Aunt Susan. The child loves Aunt Susan, but she will often be grieved for want of her mother. S—— thinks more and more of this. She would give up the journey now, if we would let her. She wonders how those poor mothers can live, who must let their little ones lie or sit by them, and cry until their hearts are almost broken, because they cannot stop a moment to take them, lest the bread fail; and especially, *especially* how those mothers can live, who must give them away and see them no more. She is sure it would kill her. So she said to-day to her washwoman.

"Oh, and sure it is you, Mrs. K——, who don't know that?" said she. "Ye've many things to learn, and sure this is one of 'em; how much ye can bear and yet be alive, and yet look about ye and smile and make it same to others that all is right and fair. Ye can do this, Mrs. K——, all the same that others do. Ye will see, ye will see as the years go."

A most touching paraphrase on those lines in "The Old Arm-chair:"

*"I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair."*

EVENING.

Cousin Julia called this morning. She put her head back and looked down over her cheek on our dark gingham which are to be admitted to this mountain-journey.

"Indeed, Susan, I am unable to imagine what you can want of those sombre ginkhams in July," said she, tossing a sleeve from her.

"Oh, in the muddy mountain paths, Cousin Julia!" said I, going on with the fastening of a hook.

"I, for one, shall have nothing to do with the muddy mountain paths. Where I can ride in a carriage or on horseback I will go, and not a step farther, if it is muddy!"

"You will wish to see the Flume and Whirlpool. You will choose, when once you are there, to go up the ravine at the former place. You will venture wetting your dress in jumping from rock to rock, that you may look up a hundred feet and see the rock of ton's weight suspended there directly over your head. You will go through the mire; you will wet your dress, you will get mud on it; and it had better be something dark that will not show how much it is soiled; something that is not easily injured by being rolled up and packed away in your trunk while it is yet wet and muddy. There are showers often among the mountains; and they gather so suddenly that, with the best foresight, the greatest alacrity of movement, one will be sometimes caught in them. On this account, as you must see, Julia, one needs just such dresses as these, and capes like them—one should have capes like them; dark hose, thick boots, and a blanket shawl—don't forget a

blanket shawl; it is less clumsy than a cloak; and shawl or cloak you must take with you up the mountains."

"Indeed, I can't, I haven't room. You say they make up elegant evening toilets; one cannot have room for everything. What other inconvenient thing must I do? I want the last of my instructions now; my preparations are nearly complete, and I am glad of it."

"You should wear an old hack-about bonnet, that is invulnerable to injuries in whatever shape they come, or fold a log-cabin away in your trunk to wear over your other when we must be out in mists and vapors, to say nothing of storms and tempests."

"Storms and tempests!" repeated Julia, who is certainly very careless of her speech when released from the forms she observes "in society," as she has it. "Susan, how you do—"

"Embroider things?" I asked laughing.

"Yes; with your mists and vapors, storms and tempests!"

"We shall see! we shall see! Meanwhile, how is it? Do you dread the mountains—the long ride up?"

"I dread nothing. I think very little about it. I, at least, anticipate no pleasures—nothing of this sort."

"I am sorry."

"I have no reason. I am no admirer of Nature when I must expose myself to mud and storms to see her. I shall like the company you say we shall meet at the Mountain Houses; I shall enjoy the evenings—perhaps. But I don't know—I enjoy any thing but very little of late." Julia turned away with more color in her face than I ever saw there before as she concluded.

"I am sorry," I said again, and with real sympathy.

"It is of no consequence," continued she, now looking out the window where she stood with her back to me. "It is of no consequence at all—but I can find little pleasure with those who overlook me entirely; who mind me no more than if I were not in existence."

"Julia! you cannot be thinking of me?" I asked very much shocked; for I saw that now she was pale, and that her voice trembled.

"No—no; I *cannot* be thinking of you, Cousin Susy." (It was the first time she had ever called me any thing but Susan, or Cousin Susan.) "For you are always very kind, very attentive to me—more so than I deserve at your hands, for I know I am, or I do not appear always in the best humor; and—"

"Let this pass! let this pass, my cousin!" interrupted I cheerfully, seeing that she hesitated. "We will both be in the very best humor after this; and then who will be so happy as we two?"

"This is easier for you to say and to do than for me," sighed Julia. "You are naturally in better spirits; and—and besides you have so many round you, attending to you constantly!"

"I am very happy in my friends; they are very considerate and kind; but I am sure, Julia, they would do any thing for you, W——, Hal, or S——, any of them, or Uncle John, or Aunt Susan.—They only wait to know that their services are

wanted, and they are ready to do every thing you need."

"Yes—I presume so. I do not complain of *them*," (again in a trembling voice.) "They are very polite and kind to me; but, in short, Cousin Susan, how is it with Mr. G——? Does *he* know that there is anybody in the world but you?"

She turned round and leaned her back against the window, like one desperately determined on facing every thing.

I laughed on finding that this was all. "I hope so," I replied. "If he does not he is a very stupid fellow truly."

"Oh, Susan, you don't love him as he does you! I sometimes think that you love him but very little."

"And I, Julia, sometimes think the same. I have been thinking the same this morning, as I sat here in my room alone and sewed." I looked up from my work as I concluded, and positively Cousin Julia's face was radiant with, with delighted surprise, it must be. She bit her lips to conceal her smiles, which she thought inopportune I suppose, as now I was looking very grave for the first time, just as for the first time she was beginning to smile. She turned away to a table and began examining my brooch.

"You do not mean as you say?" pursued she in a voice half-anxious, half-pleased.

"I do. Would that I did not, else would that it were different between us!" I went on with my sewing, and Cousin Julia began for the first time to talk with lively interest of the mountain journey. But down, down went my spirits as hers went up; and when she bade me good morning, I mechanically answering her, a fanciful observer of the scene might have imagined that you, Thalia, or some to me less friendly fairy, had been dislodging our spirits and changing their tenements.

Eh bien! If it might be done in the still way you fairies generally work, I wish a fairy would shift the love G—— has for me over to my Cousin Julia; I fancy she would prize it more justly than I do; and together they could have an excellent time admiring brooches and chains, and keeping clear of all such vile things as motes and mud.—And then I would want my fairy to come in directly with Dr. Thorn. I would not like to live long without some one to love me better than he loves all the rest of the world beside.

We have been this evening to hear Gen. W—— "On the Condition and Prospects of the West."

Mr. H—— and his daughter, Harriet Augusta, joined us as we left the house, and came up State street with us, although it was a round-about way for them as their house is on Main.

"Pretty as a pastoral, wasn't it, Susy?" said Miss H——, taking my arm and hugging it close to her side. "The prairies so fertile! so beautiful! 'like a cultivated garden,' you know he said, 'far as the eye can reach!' Oh, wouldn't you like to set your eyes on the flowers there?"

"Yes, indeed! I long for that! Uncle John, who was that gentleman with Mr. B——? that tall, distinguished looking man?"

"In the pew before us? That was not Mr. B——. I thought so at first, but it was a stranger."

"That? Oh, I think it was Prof. L——, of Harvard College," interposed Mr. H——, eagerly. "I am not certain; I never saw Prof. L—— but once. Now is the time for the professors and students, as well as all others who can, to be turning their faces towards the lake and mountains!"

"If that was Prof. L——, then his tall companion may be Prof. A——, of Switzerland, I believe," said Uncle John. "He is at Cambridge at present."

"Goodness, Esquire L——!" exclaimed Miss H——. "I've read something of him. He was invited here by some college or other; and appointed by the King of Belgium, or Austria, or something, to look into things, scientific things. I hope it was some great foreigner. I hope he will remember that Gen. W—— said, that in fifty years the West—*our* West, you know—will be equal to a supply of provisions for the whole world. I hope he will remember that, and carry it to England for them to chew there. I wonder how they'd like it! I wonder how they'd like it!"

"I care nothing about how England would like it, my little Harriet," answered Uncle John. "I care nothing about what England thinks. It is a great land, this land of the West; it is a great thing that it is ours. I am sure I thank God that it is ours, and not England, not any part of Europe. I am not at all nervous lest it be unappreciated, nor is Gen. W——. He is quiet about it. He respects his subject and is willing it should be seen in its true light; he don't tire himself and his hearers' sympathies, by holding it up to the stars all the evening. This is what I like. I hate this feverish vanity between man and man, between nation and nation. What do I care for any man? It is enough for me that I am doing what I have a right and reason to do. It is enough for our nation that it is the greatest nation in the whole world—"

"The greatest nation in the whole world, Brother John!" interrupted Aunt Hempdale. "Who is holding things up now?"

"Not I!" said Uncle John, a little sternly.—"The deuce! I say this for my own pleasure, and because it is the truth. I don't care whether you, one of you, believe it. I wouldn't turn my hand to convince any man. I wouldn't take one step forward to say it in the ears of all England, that ours is the greatest nation; not if all England would believe it on my word, and bow down to us. For what do I care? I am satisfied to know that it is the greatest—not in wealth, or refinement, or the arts, to be sure; but in her past; in her great men and great women of the revolution; in her republicanism; in her resources; her future! The deuce! there is no need of holding our country, or any part of it, up in a false light, is there, my little Harriet?"

"No; I always say there isn't. I always say it is great in itself; but I declare I do want Europe, and especially England, to see it in its *true* light, Esquire L——; to know that if we are not equal to her now, it is because no nation could possibly be in so short time; that if we are not equal to her now, we assuredly shall be, since the tide of civilization and every thing is setting in westward. Don't you say so, Susy? Susy! I am

—let me come and stay a good long time with you to-morrow. The men will all be gone, you know; old Mrs. Graves is coming to spend the day with mamma; I will help you fix for the mountains, or any thing. You don't know how ingenious I am. May I come?" She made her petition in a low voice, ending it with a kiss. I kissed her back with heartiness; for I begin to see beneath this frivolous girlhood, a noble, vigorous womanhood, and to like her. She was quietly glad that I would rejoice in her coming, and slowly let go my hand as we parted at our gate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DREAM OF JUDGMENT.

BY CAROLINE C ———.

FROM midnight silence speak out, weary soul!
Tell how deaths' cloud of mystery doth roll
Back to thine eye, showing the Future's whole.

Tell to the worldling-crowd that rushes on
Of all awaiting when this life is done—
Tell them of the eternity begun.

* * * * *

I see a multitude to judgment pass
That faded swiftly as the summer grass,
See, but not dimly now, as through a glass.

Hover o'er the "White Throne" those mighty souls
Whose patient purity won them the goals
Round which the iris of God's glory rolls.

Their songs of joy have ceased: sublimely great,
Their labors o'er, they rest in glorious state,
While hosts innumerable for judgment wait.

Methinks some I have known on earth bow there,
Clad no more in their mortal guise they are—
Spirit for spirit, I know those shapes of air!

Know them, Oh, God! in that most awful place,
Shorn of their looks of pride, their worldly grace—
A mark of sin's baptism on each face!

And they are crushed as they have crushed on earth!
Ah to hear voices once tuned but to mirth,
Craving forgiveness of the matchless worth!

To see the selfish heart outdone at last!
The grasping soul whose hour has fleetly pass'd,
The spirit of Folly standing so aghast!

Waiting in trembling terror, till is heard
From Him, Eternity's deciding Word,
The judgment that his wisdom will record!

To see the mammon-worshippers crouch down
Like reptiles, neath the terror of HIS frown,
While the poor man-tyrant is shorn of crown,

And robe of state; bent in a mute dismay,
Striving, but finding not one word to say,
When it availeth nought with man to pray!

To see the miserable Slaves of Pride
Daring not once appeal to Christ who died—
When, even for *them*, blood wet His pierced side!

To hear their woful cry as round them shone
Dread clouds of blackness, which spread in the zone
'Twixt Judge and man—man lost, no more God's own!

To hear *that* voice: "Ye no good seed have nursed,
Nor ever strove to make earth else than worst!
Depart, depart forever, ye accused!"

"Your day of little triumphings is passed,
Yield their remembrance pleasures that will last?
Ye sowed the tempest—reap the whirlwind's blast!"

"Depart! in you love never found a home—
Evil are all the deeds that ye have done—
Ye sought not my will! ye have wrought your own!"

I saw them go, the mourners without hope,
Weeping and tremblingly did they all grope
Forth to the dark eternity's vast scope!

* * * * *

The morning dawns, and lo! the best-beloved
Who with those lost ones to the judgment moved,
Are round me still—and in men's sight approved.

Beloved strive! that in God's searching sight
Ye be not worthy deemed of endless night—
Pawn not for sin's bright smile, His mercy bright.

For lo! before Him are none justified!
Allowed sins are so swiftly multiplied,
Dare ye their fateful penalty abide?

God watcheth you beloved! Christ doth plead
Ye follow where His blood-stained footsteps lead!
Lay bare your hearts for the good spirit's seed!

Ere long the palm-branch with its flowers so fair
Shall wave aloft, and Heaven, for Heaven's ye are,
Will guard you and those fruits with tenderest care!

A TALK WITH YOU ABOUT THE LUCIFER MATCH; OR, THE SORROWS OF A POET.

BY CAROLINE C—.

ZEAL VERSUS KNOWLEDGE.

MORE than a year has past since we first began to "talk" together, you and I, dear reader, and whatever else there may be for which you find occasion to condemn me, you cannot say that I am an inconstant or neglectful friend of *yours*, say, *can* you? Sometimes you may have been inclined to stop your ears, and dub me an inveterate talker—I am somewhat suspicious; but after all, such a confession should you make it, would not much trouble me, for I have had my own amusement, though it has oftentimes proved a rather wearying one, to be sure.

Well, what shall we converse about to-day, (I really wish you would take a leading part in the conversation and make some original and suggestive remarks?) Shall it be of the Millerites who have just struck their tents (burned would be a better word,) and departed for parts unknown—to their own homes it is to be hoped, where like reasonable men and women they will "settle down," and wait with patience the "end of all things." No—that would be rather an uninteresting and unsatisfactory topic, but the bare thought of it has recalled to mind something I will tell you of.

How bright and lovely is this autumn day! It seems a pity to touch on any sorrowful subject—the air is so cool and bracing that it strongly revives one's faith in all things good—and the sun shines so constantly, that we would believe it could so shine for ever, were it not that we retain too keen a remembrance of the rain that poured but two days since from morning till night! The changes in nature! they are but types of mutability everywhere—of wonderful convulsions in the Old World—of "progress" in the New—but more wonderful and sad even than the former, and as certain as is the latter, are the changes going on constantly in the human life, the human heart.—We will not think of them. Nor of the pestilence which has reigned at noonday, which has taken its myriad from among the living. We *needed* not that to tell us the mournful truth that there is "death in life," but let it not be in vain that the lesson has been so terribly reiterated in our hearing.

But who was it I was going to tell you of? oh, Laurens Masters and Ellen Cole, who were, one unfortunate day, as they and everybody else allowed, joined together in the holy state of matrimony.

Miss Ellen was an heiress extraordinary. That is, she inherited all her father's love of independence, and her mother's unbounded craving for distinction, which amounted to a passion. But the young lady found unfortunately, as her mother before had, that her position in life was the most unfavorable and unpromising, and to be honored and courted in the world was the last climax to which she seemed destined to arrive. She was

without wealth, without beauty, without "distinguished" relations, and destitute of those superior abilities which would have enabled her to make the so desired figure in the world on her own account. But having detailed all these withouts, which Miss Cole mourned over more than any one else could, it is but fair to state what advantages she did really possess. And here I confess myself at a loss. The lady had some twenty-seven years—had a mind that desperately strove to master all dead and living languages, but here in some rather important particulars she had signally failed—she had a tongue, and her eloquence was really extraordinary, (perhaps not always of the soul-stirring kind)—then she had energy, oh, there was no disputing *that*, poor Laurens Masters never thought of doubting so obvious a fact. Moreover Miss Cole had the most marvellous powers of appreciation, quite superior to those ordinarily bestowed on mortals, and if she could not see through millstones, she could at least see a little further than anybody else. Besides, she had powers of endurance most extraordinary, and the never-give-up philosophy was beyond all question hers peculiarly.

Unfortunately Miss Cole's genius took no decided form—she neither wrote verses nor prose—was no musical wonder—no actress (she disdained all masquerading, on the stage or elsewhere,) but she was a talker! spirit of eloquence, yes! how she could talk! There was no subject beyond her *reach*, for she would grasp it in her energetic way, and if some massacring of reason and English ensued, at least no blood was shed!

Acute were her sensibilities, oh, amazingly so! to argue political questions her delight—to mind everybody's business but her own, the very first article of belief in her creed!

There—you have a partial introduction to an *energetic woman* of the Nineteenth Century.

Now let me acquaint you with young Laurens Masters. All the years he could confess to, were some twenty-three, and these, every one of them, had been passed on a farm in a wild tract of country, and it was no marvel that he came a somewhat verdant specimen of humanity into a town noted for its brick and mortar, paved streets, and humbugging propensities.

The young man was a poet—or at least, as a generous critic said, he wrote verses which rhymed; and he came to town with his portion, to seek a fortune among his fellow-beings.

Miss Cole being a patronizer of genius, eagerly sought his acquaintance, and the modesty and deeply respectful manners of the youth won amazingly on her regard. *He* was a genius she declared, and almost swore to it—and his wonderful talent needed but careful fostering to become

worthy of the honor of the world. And when she had said this, everybody knew she said it "for good," for it had been ridiculous to suppose that *she* ever abandoned an idea once entertained, or proved traitor to an opinion expressed, no matter how absurd it might appear in the proving. It would have compromised too much her dignity of character, and her keenness of penetration and soundness of judgment to confess ever to a mistake. "Sober second thought" was something she never indulged in herself, and could not appreciate in others.

Laurens came from his country home to the town of M——, poor of course; his intention was to take the management of the newspaper, in which his writings had originally appeared. As has been stated, Miss Cole was a patroness of rising genius, and with her characteristic zeal and independence, she at once took the young candidate for immortality under her wing. There is no disputing it—she did patronize the youth vastly. How she puffed him to her friends, and in the papers—"the young poet of extraordinary ability"—"the editor so independent, high-minded," &c.—"the man among the wondrous few, not to be bought by party—who would speak out for the right no matter what might come of it"—"one destined to be a pillar to the literature of our country," (in that day when such a thing is to be recognized at last!)

Of course there was no other way, Laurens Masters married Ellen Cole, out of pure gratitude, it was said, for the poet, owing to her vigorous exertions found his experiment in the editorial line eminently successful—his poems were quoted, and a good many people echoed the wife's sage opinion that Laurens was in a fair way of becoming one of the "shining lights of the age."

But it was *not* out of sheer gratitude that the young man wedded Ellen. His experience, as you know, had been limited, he was astounded, taken captive by the energy of character the woman displayed—and when he married her, he felt safe as one who goes out on a perilous voyage in a weather-proven ship, that beyond all peradventure will bear him through all dangers and delays, swiftly on the voyage.

He was a little man, and she, it must be told, of rather gigantic proportions—he a boy in years as in experience, and youthful in the extreme in personal appearance, while his wife looked unabashed full in the face of her years.

They made no bridal tour, they went to no parties and gave none, but were dead and buried at once to all intents as far as social living went. The wife had very different plans in her head from those of the idle pleasure-seekers; it was never a question of hers, how shall we pass this day or this evening pleasantly? but, "How many subscribers has the paper now?" "Why don't you write more for it yourself?" "H—— has not noticed you among the 'American Poets,' and it's a burning shame. You will have to work harder than ever, to convince these slow-believing people that you surpass them all!"

But, with all this, continually inciting him to ambitious labor, Laurens was not at all satisfied, when he became convinced, by sad experience,

that it was to form the burden of "table-talk," day-talk, and night-talk. He was fond of social gaiety, and the life of a scholar was the last he was desirous to try. He was willing enough to be heard of in the world, but as to giving every day and hour of his life to attain that one end, he considered the sacrifice altogether too great; but the dream of his fancy was exploded—musing and loitering on life's track *she* would never consent to—he must be an active striving man, he must labor with his pen. Alas, poor man, the playtime of his life was gone—his wife was *such* an energetic woman!

Laurens Masters was in truth a man of no inconsiderable ability, but pushed by the wife far beyond the depth of safety, no wonder that the waters of Marah overwhelmed him! Hurried on as he was by her counsel into every extreme, sad was the muss he made, ere long, of his editorial capabilities. And, despite Ellen's arguments, people laughed at the curious display of opinion which he made—and called him the "all-sided one," though not exactly in the same spirit that actuated the noble German people, when they so styled their master mind. His articles on "human rights" were well written, and beautifully eloquent, no one thought of disputing that, but what those "rights" were, the author seemed to entertain about as confused an idea of, as do some of our mystifying and mystified politicians!

A question was mightily agitated among a certain class of minds through the length and breadth of the country—Fourierism was become the rage. The idea struck our poet as being peculiarly beautiful, and the result was an exquisite poetical effusion, which threw his enthusiastic wife into raptures. That poem was destined to survive a long and very flattering pilgrimage. From one newspaper to another it was quoted and copied, called a "gem," and a "spice island in the sea of reading," (for aught I know,) and Fame promised to stand its god-father.

As Ellen Masters thought upon the verses, their subject "grew" upon her, and the result of her steadfast contemplations was such as made the unfortunate husband passionately wish, that his muse were drowned in the depths of the ocean!

For thus spoke she to him when the plan was fully discussed in her own mind: "Laurens, it strikes me that the best thing in the world for us to do, is to join that association of Fourierites in C——. You, with your ability, would make a most desirable 'strike,' and before long, if you will only take the prominent part you are fitted to, and thoroughly arouse yourself, you will be at the head of that great movement in our country."

Laurens hesitated. "It may be well enough in theory," he said, "it certainly is a very beautiful *idea*, that of so many families living together with one noble community of interest, but I cannot say I think it would be the best for us—literary labor is much more congenial to my taste than the occupations I should be obliged to engage in, in such an establishment, and as for you, Ellen, I feel perfectly confident it is not the manner of life that would satisfy you."

But Ellen was indefatigable in her exertions to convert Laurens to her "new opinion;" innumera-

ble were the proofs, reasonings, and new lights she threw about the subject, until at last for "peace sake," and because her arguments had shook his opinion about the matter, the husband gave in—sold his paper, converted all their little property into hard cash, and removed with Ellen to C—, where they made their home with the disciples of the visionary (?) Fourier.

The nearer view here gained of all the plans and arrangements of the society, made Laurens sick at heart, and, like another illustrious one, he had fain written it down, that on such a day at such an hour precisely, he had proved himself a fool. But it was not so with Ellen. Her delight was unbounded, her zeal at its height, her enthusiasm perfectly wonderful, and the effect finally produced on the so teachable spouse, was, that he began by degrees slowly to hope, and at length to believe there was after all something good in it.

He joined in the labors of the field for which his laborious early life had eminently fitted him—he made friends among the best of the brotherhood, wrote songs for them, and sung them too, which were received with "unbounded applause." Then he partook of the plain, substantial meals with a hearty zest, and his health, which by his editorial labor and responsibility had become much impaired, was once more restored.

Very soon Laurens began to be of his wife's opinion, that it *was* the very best mode of living human wisdom had ever devised. How opposed to all the principles of religion, charity, love and justice, was the manner of the selfish world! One portion heaping up countless stores of wealth, wherewith to ruin the coming generation—and the gigantic remainder living in wretchedness, poverty, hunger, nakedness, profligacy! And that, when men were expressly commanded to love one another as brethren! when the disciple, who had "all things in common," had set before men so good an example of earth-embracing and humanity—comprehending benevolence and unity!

It was this view that Laurens was finally induced to take of the disposition which his companions and himself were making of their fortunes, time, &c.—and his faith became strong that this was the most sensible, the *only* arrangement society could reasonably make, in order that the old world should wag on in a respectable manner.

But just as the gloss of novelty, and newness of experience was wearing off with Ellen's sojourn in the establishment, she began to remember the fancies she had once cherished in regard to her husband. Fame stood before her eyes, reproachfully gazing upon her, and questioning her as to why she had beckoned away from his embrace, his son. Then Ellen was troubled day and night. It was too true, Laurens seemed to have lost all his ambition; he was taking life quite too leisurely. He did not aspire to the government of the many people gathered there together, neither did he seek in any way to distinguish himself. Alas, he had subsided into a common every-day farmer! people would forget he was in the world, if he did not keep himself before them—and then he was laying up no fortune whatever! Yes, he was really *sinking* just so much precious, never-to-be-recalled time!

As for herself, indignation was at its height when she pondered on her own fate. Was she not making of herself a perfect slave—sewing, baking, washing, scouring, etc., etc.? and all for what? merely a living! Wearing herself out—and no good to come of it?

A great pity she had not taken all these things into consideration before, was it not? The worst of all, was, what manner of people must she associate with! she who had lived alone with a "literary man," a life so exclusive! People intruded upon her notice constantly; some, she had thought well enough at first, but what tedious, selfish, deceitful individuals they all proved themselves, and so common-place, so unlearned! Why it was her firm belief, that not half of them ever looked into a book from one year's end to another!

It was not many months before Ellen's dissatisfaction revealed itself to her quiet and contented husband, in mourning over the great straight they were in.

"But you knew all that was expected of the members of such an association beforehand, Ellen," reasoned he.

"Knew it! It may be well enough for you, who can work out of doors, and be alone by yourself some portions of the time, but think of me living day after day with a host of vulgar, uninformed women—think of their calling *me* sister! as though I could or would confess to my relationship of thought, or feeling, any more than I can to that of nature!"

"But we are leading a quiet and easy life, and certainly it is very pleasant to know that in our new field of labor we have just so far to go, and are expected to go no farther. These people all seem very contented. Why not learn of them this wise thing, contentment—though in truth they might learn in all other things from you. Their prospects—"

"Prospects? what are they? That is spoken just like you, Laurens! Fine prospects to be sure, for any person possessed of a spark of ambition! I'm determined on it—I cannot live here—I shall die before the year is over; and now I think of it, *you* look miserably too, this kind of labor is ruining your constitution. You cannot and shall not live here, Laurens; you may as well make up your mind to that at once! I want you to write a book of some kind; an *epic* or something similar; it's high time our country had one to boast of. Come! there's a dear fellow, let's leave this herd of noisy, vulgar, low people—no matter how poor we are, I can work as well as you, and then you'll have time to earn your laurels too. It's high time you set about it!"

It required not many weeks of such lecturing, argument, (that was not always *sound*), teasing and taunting, to work poor Laurens up to the necessary point of desperation. Of course all his advanced ideas and suggestions were set aside as soon as made known. It was in vain he declared that since he had left his uncle's farm his health had never been so excellent. *She* knew better—hadn't he a hacking cough two-thirds of the time, and wasn't he constantly complaining of a pain somewhere. Alas! poor fellow, if he had said that the pain in his heart was the chief of his

aches, he had spoken nothing but the truth. It was in vain that he urged the undertaking of a long poem was no small thing—that he should need to exert himself far more in its composition than he ever had in the fields, and that the exertion would tax his strength of body and mind to the utmost.

His words fell like a feather on the balance, when her will brought down the opposition with a heavy clash.

Finally the desired end was accomplished; Ellen conquered, for the husband, with martyr-like indifference, at last signified that she, Mrs. Masters, might make the needful preparations for departure from the brotherhood in C—. Some laughed that the man and his wife should have proved so childish and fickle, and the sensible ones argued that as long as they *had* entered into the speculation, they might wisely remain long enough to see how the thing was going to work. But Ellen vigorously defended herself against all these assaults of ridicule, and—envy, as she called it, and triumphantly went from that scene of trial to another town. Whoever heard that a rolling stone could gather moss?

"What next?" asked Laurens, with no little concern, of his wife, when they found themselves in the village inn, almost entirely destitute of money, and with no profession or occupation to which they might turn their hands.

"I'm going to open a school at once," answered Ellen; "you can assist me by teaching one or two branches; but the most of your time I am determined shall be devoted to writing. I want you to publish a book—if you make a lucky hit we shall have a fortune and fame at once."

Laurens sighed, but at the same time approved of his wife's plan, and signified his willingness to assist her at once in getting up the school, and in the instructions. Ellen knew it was his way to sigh when any thing *great* was to be attempted, but confident now in the final success of her plan, she set to work diligently, and in a few days was rewarded with a room full of pupils of all ages, boys and girls.

Her system was of course a vigorous and a rigorous one—there was little *play* about it. "You may all work wonders if you will only apply yourselves sufficiently," she said to the little urchins, who cared not a pin for working wonders, if she would only be not quite so exacting. As she was never quite satisfied, even with the best attainments of the persecuted youngsters, that "sufficiently" became to their minds a word of indefinite meaning—none knew what the ultimatum could be, and precious few cared.

There was one child, a bright-eyed, pale-faced little girl, an orphan, whose guardians had taken good care to impress on her young mind, that, as she was a dependant on them, it was expected she would always make the most of her advantages. The necessity laid on the little one had made her ambitious to the extent of Mrs. Masters' wishes. The teacher had at last under her control a human being who could be urged on to any extent—and what a wonder she would make of that girl! She would show to the world what

proper training and ambitious desire to excel can do for a person!

"You are the only one in my school that satisfies me," she would say to the child, and the little one needed not a word more to incite her to renewed exertion.

It was cruel, and Laurens said so, too, to see the frail creature tasking herself so very far beyond her strength and her years—stowing the tenderly expanding brain with strong food that was enough to destroy it. Nature rebelled against such treatment—such unnatural forcing of thought and memory—and one day the child was taken senseless from the school-room, and for weeks lay in a darkened chamber, in such a state of nervous derangement as left but few hopes that she would ever be of any use in the world, save as a mournful proof that book-learning is *not* all in all!

Ellen Masters was the last to lay this grievous thing she had done at her own door, and perhaps there *was* nothing "morally wrong" in her conduct towards the child—she had no intention to kill or to destroy. Her restless and wrongly aspiring nature would not be content with the slow workings of nature, the gradual unfoldings of reason. In those with whom she had to deal, they must know all and at once—they must "buy, sell and get gain" in the stores of knowledge without delay, or regard to the market, or season. It had been well for her had she learned a lesson then, when it was so forcibly brought home to her!

Laurens' book was in course of progress, the long poem well nigh completed, and the smaller ones, some of which had been written many years before, were arranged ready for publication.—Meantime Ellen was "his public—his critic," and the favorable judgment which she passed upon his work did not warrant in him any fears of failure.

But with the great exertions which he made, incited by her continual mental action, the poet's health was gradually declining. In the eager bustle of Ellen's life, occupied as it was with ambitious plans so constantly, she did not observe, what a stranger had seen at first glance, that Laurens needed rest of body and brain; and even he, in the midst of the many duties she imposed on him, would forget it, until those hours of night came when he *might* sleep, but could not because of heart-sickness, fever and pain, which kept him so restless and wakeful.

As he neared the goal of all her wishes, the completion of the long-talked of work, the poor man was called to pass through another fiery trial, and it well nigh destroyed him.

There came into the quiet village two female lecturers, Moral Reformists. Their appearance caused a great sensation in the little peaceable community, which had never heard of such a thing as a female lecturer (in public.) Not a few good souls considered themselves especially outraged, by the appearance of their own sex unbonneted and unveiled in the pulpit of the meeting house, where they publicly and unblushingly chastised the great and sinful world for its immorality, and threw down the gauntlet at the feet of the many-headed monster, declaring vehemently in behalf of the strictest virtue and godliness of living.

But the strangers found one stalwart defender and admirer in the *energetic* school mistress, Mrs. Masters. It had been long a question revolving in her mind, the why a woman should not exercise her powers of speech publicly, in behalf of goodness and morality, as well as men—as she was in many cases capacitated to so act, with much more success than had heretofore attended those filling the responsible offices of world-teachers!

Ellen never showed more conclusively how very far she was in advance of her sex in that age, then on that day when, in the face of all the assembly, and her horrified husband, she went forward to take the hand of one of the speakers at the close of her lecture, to congratulate her on her successful way of pleading, and to invite the strangers to consider her house their home during their stay in the village.

Laurens did not oppose this arrangement—he knew too well with how little success he should do so; but when, nearly a fortnight after their arrival, Ellen announced her intention of accompanying these women to a neighboring city, where she had promised to lecture with them, he did remonstrate, but in vain. Entreaties, commands, fell alike unheeded on her ear. “I shall go, for it is my duty, and it is sin in you to wish to prevent me,” was all the argument she stayed to offer. Go she would, and go she did, and in the city she stayed a month.

The children’s school was of course broken up. But two or three of the scholars, sent by their parents out of pity for the deserted husband, continued in attendance—and to instruct them, and complete his book, Laurens worked, Heaven knows how wearily; and, oh, how thankless were both of those tasks!

At the expiration of four weeks the wife returned, disappointed on the whole with the results of her self-imposed mission. The efforts made to form a society in the city had met with no great success—and, worse than that, she was outraged not a little by the treatment she considered herself as having received personally. On the night when she appeared for the last time in the desk as a lecturer, the meeting had broken up in a tumult, and it was with difficulty that the mob gathered around the edifice had been dispersed!

Though the gifted and *energetic* Reformer, as some called her, had met with such signal failure in this object, to which for a moment she lent her heart and voice, still her faith in the societies being an instrument yet to be worked, for the accomplishment of incalculable good, was unshaken; and the very opposition which she and her co-workers had met with, proved to her, beyond all doubt, that “the cause” was a just and a glorious one, that would ere long be triumphantly prospered!

Her husband welcomed her home again, but it was with a heart full of sorrow, and one word of reproachful tenderness; but his wife had not come penitent, and with a confession that she had sadly *mistaken* her mission. Loud and long was her vindication of the rights of the case, and more than once repeated, was her intention of soon devoting all her time and talents to so glorious a

cause. As for herself, she aspired henceforth to no higher honor than the being numbered among the heroines of that great field of moral warfare, to which the trumpet-blast of conscience was bidding her!

The metropolis, that great publishing city, was far distant from the obscure village where Laurens lived, and a journey thither was a matter of no small consideration with people whose finances were in a condition such as theirs. Ellen was taken again into counsel, *she* said, “Write to some one of the publishers; of course any one of them will be glad to purchase such a work written by you.”

Laurens *did* write, and from the first publisher came the unexpected answer, that there was little call for poetry—the market full—only the works of the masters sold—and, most awful climax, it was stated with little ceremony, that, as the author’s name was altogether *unknown* to the public, there could be little object for the publisher to take hold of the proposed volume! The next application met with no better success, though the refusal was somewhat more civilly expressed; the publisher had so much already on hand to bring out, he regretted exceedingly, &c. And so it went through the whole list of well-known book manufacturers, and Laurens was ready to die of disappointment, or, more properly speaking, to burn his poems, every one.

“Do no such thing,” again said Ellen. “Go to New York, and *show* the book to some one of the publishers, and if no one will take it on your own terms, let *any* one print it, and out of the sale of the work we will pay him, and *make* something besides. These are only the difficulties of the way which prove you. Take my advice, and, with a brave heart, you will succeed well enough.”

But, despite Ellen’s words, it was in a most disconsolate mood that the poet set out on his first visit to Babylon. Life had been rough, and up hill work with him, and the sun had latterly only streamed on him at rare intervals through heavy clouds. His health was broken loose and vanished, and the ambition which had once fired him was gone too.

Days of vain searching for a purchaser of his work passed on; one disheartening answer of refusal, or of proposition of such terms as it was impossible for him to comply with, were all the fruits of his labor. But at last one was found, the first that really read the manuscript, who was generous enough to give the book to the world, at the author’s risk and expense. So the long struggle was over, but the anxiety and weariness of the poor author came nigh being the death of him, on that very day when a brighter experience, than he had recently known, seemed really to be in store for him. A fever prostrated him, and for weeks he lay between life and death. The “proofs” of the poems were laid on his table, but the ravings of delirium were all that answered the distressed publisher when he came for counsel.

At length his mind became clear, he could reason again, could see, could read. Then he insisted on having the papers brought to him, his

business would admit of no longer delay—so, propped up in his bed, Laurens corrected the proofs, and began to talk of his return home.

Oh, it was a dreary sight, and Ellen Masters had wept could she have looked upon her husband then. The feeble wreck her mad ambition had made of a life that nature intended to be long and happy, and useful too! Had she only suffered him to sing quietly in the woodlands, the sweet notes had in time won from the great world all the applause she so coveted—but it was little wonder that the nightingale drooped and pined when it was caged, and compelled to sing in the “garish light of day”—it so loved the shade and the quiet! Had she but suffered him to be what nature intended, the echoings of his voice through the tumultuous heart of the world had accomplished more good than all the societies of the day, whose cause she so strenuously advocated had wrought.

Let us see what was passing during his weeks of absence in Laurens’ home.

The little village was doomed to be again electrified, and in a still more startling manner than it was by the appearance of the Reformers. There came a company of Millerites, a half-crazed band of men and women, who preached to the simple people, of the immediate coming (the very day was told,) of Him whose second appearance, *Scripture* says, no man knoweth, nor the angels of Heaven, nor the Son himself, but the Father only!

Through the quiet streets they went, proclaiming that the hour of probation was fast speeding, bidding the sinners prepare for the coming of their Judge. Their words and manner had only the effect to excite the ridicule of some, but many, too many of the simple, honest-hearted people believed in terror, that the true prophets of the last time were indeed among them, and in their deadly fear they forgot all save that idea so dreadful to them of speedy judgment.

The simple truth that they were at any moment liable to sudden death, had never roused them before to fear or to performance of duty; but presented to them, as it was now in such a shape, it would seem from the effect produced, that the uncertainties attending human life had never come to their knowledge before.

There was a stir among the villagers, such as had never on any other occasion been known among them. Shrieks and groans, frantic prayers and cries, echoed through the hitherto quiet and peaceful homes. Fanaticism was at its height. Few were the dwellings into which those missionaries of evil did not penetrate, arousing father, mother, and child, to a state of frenzy and extraordinary delusion.

It was not the simple-minded and the weak alone who were carried captive by this new idea, for among the very first of the converts was—Ellen Masters! The witchcraft, for certainly it might justly be so styled, prevailed over her. She verily believed that the end of all things was nigh, that the very day was revealed to the seekers of things hidden, when earth and heaven should be rolled together as a scroll—when the “Son of Man” should be seen approaching in power and great glory!”

Then it was she wrote thus to her husband—

“Come home, Laurens! Come home at once. It is no time to be thinking of fame—ambitious thoughts, neither you or I must cherish now. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh—there will be signs in the heavens, and the saints will be caught up to meet Him in the air! Come home! the day is approaching. Hasten or we shall never meet again in time, and we know not if we shall in eternity. We should be near together *now*—my soul feels strong; I feel as though I might comfort and strengthen yours, for it appears to me that I am more a mother to you, Laurens, than a wife! Forget all about your book—no matter what arrangement you had made; forgive me that I ever urged you to attempt it; we might have been better occupied in preparing for this final dissolution of all things. I opened my school again after you left; it was doing well—but now I have dismissed it again; what matter such things now? We shall need provide only a few days longer for the wants of our poor perishing natures—what we have will keep us in all things needful until *that* day, that glorious day.

“We are going—we are going
To the New Jerusalem!”

Come home! come home! your Ellen—”

The surprise, indignation and sorrow of Laurens Masters, when he read this epistle, may be imagined. From the strain in which it was written, he felt little doubt that Ellen’s brain had really become unsettled with this last, *new* delusion, which she had embraced. Nothing but loss of reason he was persuaded could have induced his wife to give such utterance to such horrid thoughts.

But as he reflected on these things, the sick man remembered to have heard, before the fever seized him, of the great excitement that was spreading over the country, and the thought that his wife was a convert to that absurd speculation was hardly more satisfactory than the belief in her insanity had been. It was indeed time that he should set out on his return home, though, as he came to this decision, the husband could but call to mind how little his presence and arguments had availed with his wife on many previous occasions when her *mis-roused* energies and enthusiasm had led her far astray from the paths of right and reason.

His book was fairly issued—the author made some few arrangements for its sale—and then, far more dead than alive, set out on his homeward way.

It was a dreary journey. The autumn rains had set in, and the sad-colored skies seemed to the disconsolate traveller to be weeping over the untowardness of his fate, and the gradual decay, the sure death which had overtaken all his early hopes, his *once* rejoicing and exulting hopes. A portion of the road led through a region of lonely country—through miles of farm-land, broken only at long distances by some obscure and almost lifeless village.

It reminded him most strangely of the road he had travelled many years ago, when he first set out in life, ambitious and conscious of power. He remembered how bright that day was when he left his uncle’s farm-house, to try his fortune in the

village, where he first met with Ellen. It was spring *then*. The world was born to a new and a glorious life, and he exulted in its beauty and freshness. He rejoiced in his existence. There were fresh leaves opening on all the trees, gay streams were dancing through the meadows, nature was full of strength—and so also was his life. Joyously the blood leaped through his veins, joyously and carelessly even as the woodland brooks coursed on. His heart lay, a blessed, blessed thing in the shade of the glorious trees of hope, his soul was full of gladness, and thankfulness, and peace.

He remembered, too, how that most happy journey, even as this doleful one, had been performed alone. How once he had prevailed upon the coachmen to let him walk through the fields by the road-side, while the carriage wound slowly up the hills—he thought of the flowers he had gathered by the way, which he had preserved so long as precious remembrances of that happy day.—Little was his inclination to alight on *this* dreary morning; there were no flowers to gather on this sad journey. All were perished, the leaves were fallen too, and the swollen brooks flowed on with angry sound. Mournfully swept the wind past him as he journeyed on, and it was very cold; dear reader, Laurens was alone, and as he thought on all these things he became a child; he was ill—and very weak, and miserably disappointed in human life; he bowed his head upon his knees—he wept!

Several days of travel in the stage-coach brought him to his journey's end—but his heart did not beat rapidly with pleasure, and encouraged thought, as he reached his home once more; no, for Laurens Masters' heart was broken!

It was night when he was set down before his own door—a dark cheerless night, and the traveler was worn out by the hard journey, and sick nigh unto death. But, oh, in what a lamentable state of confusion did he find that house! The "saints" were met together, it was the last night they were ever to know, for, on the morrow, as the wise men had foretold, time was to be no longer. Throughout all the hours of that night prayers and songs of praise and horrible excitement reigned in the dwelling.

Ellen Masters, it is true, was for a moment startled by the changed and deathly appearance of her husband—she was glad that he was come, and then her philosophy in a moment came to her aid—to-morrow, pain, suffering, and every ill would be passed with them all for ever. A portion of the night she passed by his bedside, but her presence gave him poor satisfaction at best, for the tumultuous aspirations of the multitude, gathered

under his roof, forbade the sick man to hope for one moment of rest.

The morning of the predicted last day of the world dawned at last; it lengthened into noon, it deepened to night, but there came no angel into the heavens to declare that time should be no more—save only the Angel of Death, who bore away the spirit of Laurens Masters; it was indeed the last day, the consummation of all things earthly to him! In the midst of confusion, the quiet-loving spirit had departed, his sorrows were at last ended.

The "end" hath not yet come to Ellen, his wife, reader; and more than this, the object of her once passionate desire is attained; for the name of her husband is known on this earth, though she has at last acquired the power of estimating the honors paid his memory at their real worth. She is resting, living on the fruits of his labors, for they have proved abundant in profit as well as in honor!

But a pleasanter truth than even this it is my happy privilege to whisper to you. The *energies* of Ellen Masters are at last rightly directed! Were you to ask her *now* what bonds should unite human beings, she would not answer Fourierism, but brotherly kindness, mutual forbearance, love and charity!

Question her as to what she now holds to be the Rights of Woman, and thus will she answer you:

"The Rights of Woman! what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse, to bless!
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
Such Woman's Rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success!"

Ask her of him whose name she bears, and if you had won her confidence, I warrant she would speak to you with tearful eyes of his short life of sorrow and suffering; of her own miserable delusions, which conspired to make their mutual life little else than wretched. The prospect of lengthened life is still hers, and she is patient to bear still longer the cross of humanity—but it is her chiefest hope, her constant prayer that the time of probation may render her more worthy to enter the eternal rest, when the summons shall be given.

Therefore is it possible that they who never understood each other in this life, may, in the world to come, dwell in one home in peace and in joy everlasting.



GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN LITERARY NOTABILITIES.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Bless thou thy lot ; thy simple strains have led
The high-born muse to be the poor man's guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude, unlettered breast."—BERANGER.

"Morris has hung the most beautiful thoughts in the world upon hinges of honey ; and his songs are destined to roll over bright lips enough to form a sunset."

"His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar ; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every day feeling."—WILLIS.

"'Tis but an old world tale :—for Love and Truth
Are dreams, from which we weave a fair romance,
Imaging that which earth has never known,
Or, knowing, has not valued."—ANONYMOUS.

It never occurred to our mind, until at this present moment, that the task of writing a biographical essay, with GENERAL MORRIS for a subject, is very similar to that of writing about one's-self. The General is so thoroughly identified with all that comprises the social and the amiable, that he disarms criticism and transmogrifies the sting of censure into the honied semblance of praise. It appears but a day since when, as a boy, we perused his lines with a species of frenzied happiness equalled only by the emotions created by the urchins first peep at a puppet show, or his elation upon donning his initial jacket and trousers. In fact George P. Morris is a part of ourself—wedded to our earliest recollections—a portion of our every literary reminiscence—a sort of example from which we have drawn many a rule to guide us in our brief and humble pilgrimage of letters. To speak of him fairly and impartially is almost a hopeless task ; nevertheless, we shall endeavor to do so.

It is always best, we have found, to begin at the beginning of any effort you may wish to accomplish. Therefore we will actually commence by stating that General Morris was born in the year of our Lord 1802, and almost as soon as he was able to comprehend the world in which he moved, he enriched the pages of various publications by voluntary contributions. These attracted much attention. They finally caused his embarkation upon the sea of letters, and he became, in 1822, the editor of the New York Mirror. In this position he remained until a change came over the spirit of the age. Financial embarrassments in 1837-38 prevailed throughout the country, and affected all classes and all interests. Our subject did not pass through the panic unscathed. His business was stricken by a death blow and in 1843 its existence ceased. The Mirror should never have been stopped. It was the principal artery through which the best life blood of home literature circulated. It was the cradle in which was nursed and reared American Miscellany. It fostered into being New World Genius. It gave us Willis, Fay, Cox, Leggett, and a host of others. It was the arena in which the youth-

ful "Yankee" successfully combatted with the giant minds of the old continents. There is little worthy of preservation in our literature that was not galvanized into a healthy state of being by the administrative care of George P. Morris. Most of what is good in the field to which we allude is the offspring of our subject's brain. We mean by "most that is good," all that has germinated, and grown, and flourished, from seeds of his planting. We intend by "most that is good," to designate the oaks that have grown from the acorns so skilfully and carefully placed in our own soil by George P. Morris. A writer in Graham's Magazine says :

The distinction with which the name of General Morris is now associated, in a permanent connection, with what is least factitious or fugitive in American Arts, is admitted and known ; but the class of young men of letters in this country, at present, can hardly appreciate the extent to which they, and the profession to which they belong, are indebted to his animated exertions, his varied talents, his admirable resources of temper, during a period of twenty years, and at a time when the character of American literature, both at home and abroad, was yet to be formed. The first great service which the literary taste of this country received, was rendered by Dennie ; a remarkable man—qualified by nature and attainments to be a leader in new circumstances ; fit to take part in the formation of a national literature ; as a vindicator of independence in thought, able to establish freedom without disturbing the obligations of law ; as a conservative in taste, skillful to keep the tone of the great models with which his studies were familiar, without copying their style ; by both capacities successful in developing the one, unchangeable spirit of Art, under a new form and with new effects. In this office of field-marshal of our native forces, General Morris succeeded him, under increased advantages, in some respects with higher powers, in a different, and certainly a vastly more extended sphere of influence. The manifold and lasting benefits which, as editor of the Mirror, Mr. Morris conferred on art and artists

of every kind, by his tact, his liberality, the superiority of his judgment, and the vigor of his abilities—by the perseverance and address with which he disciplined a corps of youthful writers in the presence of a constant and heavy fire from the batteries of foreign criticism, the rare combination, so valuable in dealing with the numerous aspirants in authorship with whom his position brought him in contact; of a quick, true eye to discern in the modesty of some nameless manuscript the future promises of a power hardly yet conscious of itself, a discretion to guide by some advice, and a generosity to aid with the most important kind of assistance—the firm and open temper which his example tended to inspire into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land—and more than all, perhaps, by the harmony and union, of such inappreciable value, especially in the beginning of national effort, between the several sister arts of writing, music, painting, and dramatic exhibition, which the singular variety and discursiveness of his intellectual sympathies led him constantly to maintain and vindicate, these, in the multiplicity of their operation, and the full power of their joint effect, can be perfectly understood only by those who, like the present writer, possessed a cotemporaneous knowledge of the circumstances, and who, knowing the state of things at the commencement of the period alluded to, and seeing what existed at the end of it, is able to look back over the whole interval, and see to what influences, and what persons the extraordinary change which has taken place, is to be referred. If, at this moment, the literary genius of America, received in youth, and quivering like the eagle's limbs with excess of vigor, seems about to make a new flight, from a higher vantage-ground, into loftier depths of airy distance, the capacity to take that flight must, to a great degree, be ascribed to those two persons whom we have named; without whose services the brighter era which appears now to be dawning, might yet be distant and doubtful.

Besides these particulars of past effort which ought to make his countrymen love the reputation of the subject of this notice, we regret that our limits forbid us to speak at large of these more intimate qualities of personal value, which, in our judgment, form the genuine lustre of one who, admirable for other attainments, is to be imitated in these.

For the success of our special purpose, in this notice, which is to consider and make apparent the specific character which belongs to General Morris as a literary artist and a poetic creator, to explain his claims to that title which the common voice of the country has given to him, of THE SONG WRITER OF AMERICA—it would have probably been more judicious had we kept out of view the matters of which we have just spoken. It is recorded of a Grecian painter, that having completed the picture of a sleeping nymph, he added on the foreground the figure of a Satyr gazing in amazement upon her beauty; but finding that the secondary form attracted universal praise, he erased it, as diverting applause from that which he desired to have regarded as the principal monument of his skill. There is in this anecdote a

double wisdom; the world is as little willing to yield to a twofold superiority, as it is able to appreciate two distinct objects at once.

In a review of literary reputations, perhaps nothing is fitted to raise more surprise than the obvious inequality in the extent and greatness of the labors to which an equal reward of Fame has been allotted. The abounding energy and picturesque variety of Homer, are illustrated in eight-and-forty books: the remains of Sappho might be written on the surface of a leaf of the *laurus nobilis*.—Yet if the one expands before us with the magnificent extent, the diversified surface, the endless decorations of the earth itself, the other hangs on high, like a lone, clear star—small but intense—flashing upon us through the night of ages, invested with circumstances of divinity not less unquestionable than those that attend the venerable majesty of the Ancient of Song. The rich and roseate light that shines around the name of Mimmermus, is shed from some dozen or twenty lines: the immortality of Tyrtæus rests upon a stanza or two, which have floated to us with their precious freight, over the sea of centuries, and will float on, unsubmergible by all the waves of Time. The soul of Simonides lives to us in a simple couplet; but that is very stuff of Eternity; which neither fire will assail; nor tempests peril; nor the wrath of years impair. The Infinite has degrees; wherever the world sees in any human spirit the fire of Everlasting, it bows with equal awe, whether that fire is displayed by only an occasional flash, or by a prolonged and diffusive blaze. There is a certain tone which, hear it when we may, and where we may, we know to be the accent of the gods: and whether its quality be shown in a single utterance, its volume displayed in a thousand bursts of music, we surround the band of spirits whom we there detect in their mortal disguise, with equal ceremonies of respect and worship, hailing them alike as seraphs of a brighter sphere—sons of the morning. This is natural, and it is reasonable. Genius is not a degree of other qualities, nor is it a particular way or extent of displaying such qualities; it is a faculty by itself; it is a manner; of which we may judge with the same certainty from one exhibition, as from many. The praise of a poet, therefore, is to be determined, not by the nature of the work which he undertakes, but by the kind of mastery which he shows; not by the breadth of surface over which he toils, but by the perfectness of the result which he attains. Mr. Wordsworth has vindicated the capacity of the sonnet to be a casket of the richest gems of fame. We have no doubt that the song may give evidence of a genius which shall deserve to be ranked with the constructor of an epic.—“Scorn not the Song.” We would go so far, indeed, as to say that the success in the song imports, necessarily, a more inborn and genuine gift of poetic conception, than the same proportion of success in other less simple modes of art. There are some sorts of composition which may be wrought out of eager feeling and the foam of excited passions; and which are therefore to a large extent within the reach of earnest sensibilities and ambition's will; others are the spontaneous outflow of the heart, to whose perfection, turbulence and

effort are fatal. Of the latter kind is the song.—While the ode allows of exertion and strain, what is done in it, must be accompanied by national and inherent strength.

Speaking with that confidence which may not improperly be assumed by one who, having looked with some care at the foundations of the opinion which he expresses, supposes himself able, if called upon by a denial, to furnish such demonstration of its truth as the nature of the matter allows of, we say that, in our judgment, there is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate, or peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he, in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. It is well understood by those whose thoughts are used to be conversant with the suggestions of a deeper analysis than belongs to popular criticism, that the forms of literary art are not indefinite in number, variable in their characteristics, or determined by the casual taste or arbitrary will of authors—they exist in nature; they are dependent upon these fixed laws of intellectual being, of spiritual affection, and moral choice, which constitute the rationality of man.—And the actual, positive merit of a poetical production—that real merit, which consists in native vitality, in inherent capacity to live—does not lie in the glitter or costliness of the decorations with which it is invested—nor in the force with which it is made to spring from the mind of its creator, into the minds of others—nor yet in the scale of magnitude upon which the ideas belonging to the subject are illustrated in the work; but rather, as we suppose, obviously, and in all cases, upon the integrity and truth with which the particular form, that has been contemplated by the artist, is brought out, and the distinctness with which that one specific impression which is appropriate to it, is attained. This is the kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris; an excellence of a lofty order; genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. For the song appears to us to possess a definiteness peculiarly jealous and exclusive; to be less flexible in character, and to possess less variety of tone than most other classes of composition. If a man shall say “I will put more force into my song than your model allows, I will change it with greater variety of impressions,” it is well; if he is skillful, he may make something that is very valuable. But in so far as his work is more than a song, it is not a song. In all works of Art—wherever form is concerned—excess is error.

The just notion and office of the modern song, as we think of it, is to be the embodiment and expression, in beauty, of some one of those sentiments, or thoughts, gay, moral, pensive, joyous, or melancholy, which are as natural and appropriate, in particular circumstances, or to certain occasions, as the odor to the flower; rising at such seasons, into the minds of all classes of persons, instinctive and unbidden, yet in obedience to some law of association which it is the gift of the poet to apprehend. Its graceful purpose is, to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to commu-

nicate wisdom in the form of sentiment: it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the far orb of moral truth, which, glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a smile of quick-darting, many-colored beauty; it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought, and bubbles forth with a gentle fret of sparkling foam. Self-evolved, almost, and obedient in its development, and shaping to some inward spirit of beauty, which appears to possess and control its course; it might almost seem, that in the outgoing loveliness of such productions, Sentiment, made substantial in language, floated abroad in natural self-delivery; as that heat which is not yet flame, gives itself forth in blue wreaths of vamping grace, which unfold their delicateness for a moment upon the tranquil air, and then vanish away. It is not an artificial structure, built up by Intellect after a model foreshaped by Fancy, or foreshadowed by the instincts of the Passions; it is a simple emotion, crystalized into beauty by passing for a moment through the cooler air of the mind; it is merely an effluence of creative vigor; a graceful feeling thickened into words. Its proper dwelling is in the atmosphere of the sentiments, not the passions; it will not, indeed, repel the sympathy of deeper feelings, but knows them rather under the form of the flower that floats upon the surface of meditation, than of the deeper root that lies beneath its stream. And this is the grievous fault of nearly all Lord Byron's melodies; that he pierces too profoundly, and passes below the region of grace, charging his lyre with far more vehemence of passion than its slight strings are meant to bear. The beauty which belongs to this production, should be in the form of the thought rather than the fashion of the setting: that genuineness and simplicity of character which constitutes almost its essence, are destroyed by any appearance of the cold artifices of construction, palpable springs set for our admiration, whereby the beginning is obviously arranged in reference to a particular ending. This is the short-reaching power of Moore—guilty, by design, of that departure from simplicity, by which he fascinated one generation at the expense of being forgotten by another. The Song, while it is general in its impression, should be particular in its occasion; not an abstraction of the mind, but a definite feeling, special to some certain set of circumstances. Rising from out the surface of daily experience, like the watery issuings of a fountain, it throws itself upward for a moment, then descends in a soft, glittering shower to the level whence it rose. Herein resides the chief defect of Bayly's songs; that they are too general and vague—a species of pattern songs—being embodiments of some general feeling, but lacking that sufficient reference to some season or occurrence which would justify their appearing, and take away from them the aspect of pretension and display!

The only satisfactory method of criticism is by means of clinical lectures; and we feel regret that our limits do not suffer us—to any great degree—to illustrate what we deem the vigorous simplicity, and genuine grace of Mr. Morris, by that mode

of exposition. We must introduce a few cases, however, to show what we have been meaning in the remarks which we made above, upon the proper character of the song. The ballad of "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE," one of those accidents of genius which, however, never happen but to consummate artists—is so familiar to every mind and heart, as to resent citation. Take then "MY MOTHER'S BIBLE." We know of no similar production in a truer taste, in a purer style, or more distinctly marked with the character of a good school of composition.

This book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

Or take "WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER." In manly pathos, in tenderness and truth, where shall it be excelled?

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school house near the heather,
In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sorrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weigh'd down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Foreshadow'd in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

"THE MINIATURE" possesses the captivating elegance of Voiture:

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—

Fresh as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still;
Absorb'd, delighted and amazed,
He view'd the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane;
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me!"

"WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE" is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crown'd with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam—
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home.

Where will you find a nautical song, seemingly more spontaneous in its genial outbreak, really more careful in its construction, than

"LAND-HO!"

Up, up with the signal! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Land!—land-ho! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is waving! Till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
Ho!—land-ho! We near it—we bound at the sight!
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd! The wine-sparkles rise
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells!
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven, all's right!
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

How full of joyous madness, of absolute independence, yet made harmonious by instinctive grace, is

"LIFE IN THE WEST."

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—
Merry and brief will the narrative be:
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more ;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys ; cheerily, boys, enter and rest ;
The land of the heart is the land of the west.
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free ;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing ;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys ; cheerily, boys, enter and rest ;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the west.
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own ;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find ;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys ; cheerily, boys, enter and rest ;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the west !
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled
by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and
the wanderer, can beat in unison with the gentlest
truth of deep devotion, is shown in

"WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee !

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains ;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea ;
And whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

"I LOVE THE NIGHT" has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models.

I love the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,
From boundless fields of blue ;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring thrills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you !

I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,
Are vocal in the breeze.
I love the night—the glorious night !
When hearts beat warm and true ;
But far above the night I love,
I love, I love, love—you !

Were we to meet the lines "OH, THINK OF ME!" in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's—so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity—which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses.

Oh, think of me, my own beloved,
Whatever cares beset thee !

And when thou hast the falsehood proved,
Of those with smiles who met thee :
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,
Who never can forget thee ;
Let memory trace the trysting-place,
Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as you star, within my mind,
A hand unseen hath set thee ;
There hath thine image been enshrined,
Since first, dear love, I met thee ;
So in thy breast I fain would rest,
If, haply, fate would let me—
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,
To love or to regret me !

"THE STAR OF LOVE" might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the *Trouveurs*.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea ;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee.
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are drear till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray ;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.

"THE SEASONS OF LOVE" is a charming effusion of gay, yet thoughtful sentiment.

The spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way ;
The sky, earth, and ocean
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *coulour de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian Summer,
The smile of the year ;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessing—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

The song, "I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE," is, of itself, sufficient to establish General Morris's fame as a great poet—as a *potens magister affectuum*—and as a literary creator of a high order. It is a thoroughly fresh and affective poem on a subject as hackneyed as the highway ; it is as deep as truth itself, yet light as the movement of a dance.

I never have been false to thee !
The heart I gave thee still is thine ;

Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill;
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispell'd the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense fill'd the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

We had almost forgotten, what the world will never forget, the matchless softness and transparent delicacy, of "NEAR THE LAKE." Those lines, of themselves, unconsciously, court "the soft promoter of the poet's strain," and almost seem about to break into music.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts for ever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago!

It is agreeable to find that, instead of being seduced into a false style by the excessive popularity which many of his songs have had, General Morris's later efforts are in a style even more truly classic than his earlier ones, and show a decided advance, both in power and ease. "THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS," and the "INDIAN SONGS," of which last we have room only for one verse, are a very clear evidence of this.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven;
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

They come!—be firm! In silence rally!
The long knives our retreat have found!
Hark!—their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!
The burthened boughs with pale scouts quiver,
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While across the eddying river
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!
The bloodhounds darken land and water!
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter!

Such are the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of the laureate of America.

The following letter, from the pen of Grace Greenwood, is a lady's tribute to the genius of our poet:

I have read of late, with renewed pleasure and higher appreciation, the songs and ballads of our genial-hearted countryman, Morris. I had previously wearied myself by a course of rather dry reading, and his poetry, tender, musical, fresh and natural, came to me like spring's first sunshine, the song of her first birds, the breath of her first violets.

What a contrast is this pleasant volume to the soul-racking "Festus," which has been one of my recent passions. That remarkable work has passages of great beauty and power, linked in unnatural marriage with much that is poor and weak. It is like a stately ruined palace,

"Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome;"

or it is like its own fabled first temple built to God, in the new earth—a multitude of gems, swallowed by an earthquake, and scattered through a world of baser matter. The soul of the reader now faints with excess of beauty, now shudders at the terrible and the revolting. The young poet's muse at times goes like Proserpine to gather flowers, but straightway is seized by the lord of the infernal regions, and disappears in flame and darkness. The entire volume is a poetical archipelago—isles of loveliness sprinkling a dead sea of unprofitable matter.

It were absurd to compare the light and graceful poems of Morris with the *work* "Festus"—a simple Grecian arch with a stupendous Turkish mosque—an Etruscan vase with a Gothic tower. Yet there are doubtless many who will prefer the perfect realization of modest aspirations, to grand but ineffectual graspings after glory's highest and most divine guerdons—a quiet walk with truth and nature, to an Icarus flight of magnificent absurdities.

It has been said that the author of "LONG TIME AGO" has rung too many changes on the sentiment and passion of *love*. Love, the inspiration of the glorious bards of old,

"Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them,"

"Love, ever-new, everlasting, fresh and beautiful, now as when the silence of young Eden was thrilled, but scarce broken, by the voice of the first lover—a joy and a source of joy for ever."

I know it is much the fashion now-a-days, to

hold in lordly contempt many of those sweet and holy influences which are

As angel hands, enclosing ours,
Leading us back to Paradisean bowers.

Love and liberty are fast becoming mere abstractions to the enlightened apprehension of some modern wise men. It is sad to see how soon those white-winged visitors soil their plumage and change their very natures by a mere descent into the philosophic atmosphere of such minds. One is reminded of the words of Swendenborg—"I saw a great truth let down from Heaven into Hell, and it there became a lie."

This cynical objection to the lays of our minstrel, surely never could have emanated from the heart of woman. She is ever loyal to love—that tender and yearning principle in the bosom of the Father, from which and by which the feminine nature was created.

The poems of Morris are indeed like those flowers of old, born of the blood-drops which oozed from the wounded foot of the queen of love—blushing crimson to the very heart;—yet there is not to my knowledge, in the whole range of English literature, so large a collection of amatory songs in which sensualism and voluptuousness find no voice. These lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush, save that of pleasure—the mother may sing them to her child, the bride to her young husband.

"Festus" has an eloquent reply to such as hold love a theme unworthy the true bard:

"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love."

The muse of Morris was Poesy's own "summer-child." Hope, love and happiness, sunny-winged fancies and golden-hued imaginings have nested in his heart like birds.

His verse does not cause one to tremble and turn pale—it charms and refreshes. It does not "possess us like a passion"—it steals upon us like a spell. It does not storm the heart like an armed host—it is like the visitation of gentle spirits,

"Coming and going with a musical lightness."

It is not a turbulent mountain torrent, hurling itself down rocky places—it is a silver stream, gliding through quiet valleys, in whose waves the sweet stars are mirrored, on whose bosom the water-lilies sleep.

Now and then there steals in a strain of sadness, like the plaint of a bereaved bird in a garden of roses; but it is a tender, not an oppressive sadness, and we know that the rainbow beauty of the verse could only be born in the wedlock of smiles and tears. In a word, his lays are not "night and storm and darkness"—they are morning and music and sunshine.

It were idle at this time, to quote or comment upon all those songs of Morris best known and oftenest sung. It would be introducing to my readers old friends who took lodgings in their memories "long time ago." In reference to them, I would only remark their peculiar adaptedness to popular taste—the keen discrimination, the nice tact, or, to use one of Sir James Mackintosh's

happy expressions, the "feelosophy" with which the poet has interlaced them with the heart-strings of a nation.

"A ROCK IN THE WILDERNESS" is an ode that any poet might be proud to own. It is much in the style of Campbell—chaste, devotional, "beautiful exceedingly."

I know nothing of the kind more musically sweet than the serenade "TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR"—the first lines in especial:

"The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And, nestled in their leafy bowers,
The forest birds are mute."

Many an absent lover must have blessed our lyrist, for giving voice to his own yearning affection, half sad with that delicate jealousy which is no wrong to the loved one, in the song "WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

"THE BACCHANAL,"—if our language boasts a lovelier ballad than this, it has never met my eye. The story of the winning, the betraying and the breaking of a woman's heart, was never told more touchingly. I dislike to pull the rose in pieces, yet here is a leaf or two:

How soft the honeyed words
He breathes into her ears!
The melody of birds
The music of the spheres!

She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot,
Which she will see no more!

They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot;
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot.

"THE DISMISSED" is in a peculiar vein of rich and quiet humor. I would commend it to the entire class of rejected lovers, as containing the truest philosophy.

"LINES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN TIME" remind one of Sir John Suckling. They are "sunned o'er with love"—their subject, by the way.

Love bathes him in the morning'dews,
Reclines him in the lily's bell—
Reposes in the rainbow's hues,
And bubbles in the crystal well;
Or hies him to the coral caves
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

And every where he welcome finds—
Through cottage-door and palace-porch
Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung!

"I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE" was an emanation from the feminine nature of the minstrel alone. Who does not believe the poet gifted with duality of soul?

"THINK OF ME, MY OWN BELOVED," and "ROSE-ABLE," are the throbbings of a lover's breast set to music; and "ONE BALMY SUMMER NIGHT, MARY," "THE HEART THAT OWNS THY TYRANT SWAY," and "WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS," the distillation of the subtlest sweets lodged in the innermost cells of all flowers dedicate to love.

I come now to my favorite, a poem which I never read but that it glows upon lip and heart,

and leaves the air of my thoughts tremulous with musical vibrations.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands, &c.

What a delicious gush of parental feeling! How daintily and delicately move the "fitly chosen words"—tripping along like silver-sandaled fairies.

"LAND-HO!" and the "WESTERN REFRAIN" thrill one gloriously: "THE CARRIER DOVE" would of itself carry the poet's name to the next age, and the "CROTON ODE" keep his bays green with a perpetual baptism.

The last mentioned is fresh and sparkling as its subject, and displays much of the imaginative faculty. How fanciful are the following stanzas:

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curl'd billow,
See the river-spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

And how truly beautiful is this:

Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers up like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the Prophet's wand.

"OH, A MERRY LIFE DOES THE HUNTER LEAD," rolled up the tenth wave of Morris-ian popularity at the West. It stirs the hunter's heart like a bugle-blast—it rings out clear as a rifle-crack on a hunting morning.

Oh, a merry life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day,
He whistles his dog and he mounts his steed
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the tuneful lark
As he carols his morning song!

Oh, a hunter's life is the life for me!
That is the life for a man!
Let others boast of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can.
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along!
My steed, dog and gun, and the cheerful lark
To carol my morning song!

Gen Morris has recently published some songs which have all the grace, melody and touching sweetness of his earlier lays. But as these have been artistically set to music, and are yet in the first season of popularity—are lying on the pianoes and "rolling over the bright lips" of all song-dom, they call for no farther mention here.

I think I cannot better close this somewhat broken and imperfect review than by quoting entire one of the earlier songs of Morris, which, more than all others, perhaps, has endeared him to his native land. It is a simple, hearty, manly

embodiment of the true spirit of patriotism, a sentiment which throbs like a strong pulse beneath our poet's light and graceful verse, and needs but the inspiration of "stirring times" to prompt to deeds of heroic valor, like the lays of the ancient bards, or the "*Chansons*" of Beranger.

I'm with you once again, my friends—
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land:
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

In other countries, when I heard
The music of my own,
Oh, how my echoing heart has stirr'd
And bounded at the tone!
But when a brother's hand I clasp'd
Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd
Like one about to die!

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

We should not consider the biography of Morris complete, without a word from Mr. Willis. We have a dash of his pencil in the following letter:

"MY DEAR SIR,—To ask me for my idea of Gen. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the "Brigadier"—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him, (except by precedence of ferrriage over the Styx,) that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and, as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

"Morris is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism, as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact, that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

"It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is the truth—that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine

oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high-flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate, well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

"As to the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to 'burn incense on his moustache,' as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but, as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellencies. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking.

Yours, very truly, N. P. WILLIS."

In 1825, Gen. Morris wrote the drama of "Brier Cliff," a play, in five acts, founded upon events of the American Revolution. It was performed forty nights in succession; and the manager paid him for it \$3,500, a solid proof of its attractive popularity. It has never been published. Prior, and subsequent, to this period, his pen was actively engaged upon various literary and dramatic works.

He wrote a number of the "Welcomes to Lafayette," and songs and ballads which were universally popular, besides many prologues and addresses.

In 1842, he wrote an Opera for Mr. C. E. Horn, called the "Maid of Saxony," which was performed fourteen nights with great success at the Park Theatre. The press of the city generally awarded to this opera the highest commendation.

From the period when Gen. Morris commenced his career as a writer, his pen has been constantly employed in writing poems, songs, ballads and prose sketches.

In 1840, the Appleton's published an edition of his poems, beautifully illustrated by Weir and Chapman; and, in 1842, Paine and Burgess published his songs and ballads.

They were highly commended by the press throughout the country, and these and other editions have had large sales. A portion of his prose writings, under the title of "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots," were published by Lea and Blanchard, which edition has been followed by others enlarged by the author.

Gen. Morris has edited a number of works; among them are—"The Atlantic Club Book,"

published by the Harpers; "The Song Writers of America," by Linen and Ferrin; "National Melodies," by Horn and Davis; and, in connexion with Mr. Willis, the "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America," a standard work of great value.

In 1844, in connexion with Mr. Willis, he established a beautiful weekly paper, called the "New Mirror," which, in consequence of the cover and engravings, was taxed by the Post Office Department, a postage equal to the subscription price; and, not being able to obtain a just reduction from Mr. Wickliffe, then Postmaster General, the proprietors discontinued its publication, after a year and a half, notwithstanding it had attained a circulation of 10,000 copies!

The daily "Evening Mirror" was next commenced, and continued for one year by Morris and Willis, when it was disposed of to the present editor, Hiram Fuller, Esq., now the United States Naval Store-Keeper at Brooklyn.

A few months after withdrawing from the "Evening Mirror," Gen. Morris began the publication of the "National Press and Home Journal;" but as many mistook its object, from its name, the first part of its title was discontinued; and, in November 1846, (Mr. Willis having again joined his old friend and associate) appeared the first number of the HOME JOURNAL—a weekly paper, published in this city, every Saturday, which is edited with great taste, spirit and ability, and which has already a circulation of some fifteen thousand copies.

Gen. Morris is still in the prime and vigor of life, and it is not unlikely that the public will yet have much to admire from his pen, and which will, without doubt, place him still higher in the niche of fame. His residence is chiefly at Undercliff, his country seat, on the banks of the Hudson, near Cold Spring, surrounded by the most lovely and beautiful scenery in nature, which cannot fail to keep the muse alive within him, and tune the minstrel to further and still higher efforts.

Although he possesses abilities which eminently qualify him for public station, his literary taste and habits have, in spite of the strenuous solicitations of his friends, led him to prefer the retirement of private life. This, however, does not prevent his taking an active interest in all questions of public good, and the city of New York is greatly indebted to his vigorous aid for many of her most beautiful and permanent improvements.

We cannot close this sketch without adverting to the following incident, which recently occurred in the British House of Commons:

"Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire," says the *London Times*, "concluded a long speech in favor of 'Protection,' by quoting the ballad of 'Woodman Spare that Tree,' (which was received with the applause of the whole house,) the 'Tree,' according to Mr. Cagley, being the 'Constitution,' and Sir Robert Peel the 'Woodman,' about to cut it down."

What poet could desire a more gratifying compliment to his genius?

THE PRISONER OF LA FORCE.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE SALON OF MADAME ROLAND.

THE spacious and elegant apartments of Neck-er, lighted up in days past with the genius and wit of his gifted daughter, Madame de Stael, around whom had thronged the best intellect of the French metropolis, were now occupied by the republican minister Roland. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, with a countenance on which the lines of care were deeply traced, but every lineament of which betokened a stern integrity of character and an iron constancy of soul. The minister was a plain, unpretending man in appearance, dressed in simple, almost homely, republican attire. He was now walking in a little ante-chamber apart, with his hands folded behind him and his eyes fixed upon the floor, as though in deep meditation.

In another apartment a table was spread with a simple, but neat and elegant repast. Fruits were mingled with the richest and most beautiful flowers; and the wine blushed as it sparkled in the glass, beneath the soft rays of the light which gently diffused itself through the room. Around the table sat several members of the National Assembly. There were the grave and serious Brissot, in his plain, Quaker-like dress—the calm, meditative and profound Condorcet, with his high, pale forehead, and thin fixed lips—the sprightly and witty Louvet, his diminutive figure clad in negligent attire. The handsome Barbaroux was there, and two or three of the younger deputies sat near him at the lower end of the board. Among these was a deputy, apparently about thirty-three years of age, of a vigorous and compact frame, with a pensive and melancholy cast of countenance, which, though not striking at first glance, was yet lighted up when he spoke with intellect and soul. This guest rarely mingled in the conversation, and never, save when directly addressed. But when he did speak the hum of voices ceased, and every ear was bent to listen. For the most part of the time he sat toying with a bouquet of flowers, negligent of what passed around him, apparently wrapped in his own dreamy thoughts, and lost even to the brilliant conversation of the only female present at the scene, who presided at the head of the board.

And she—that peerless woman—the wife of Roland! Who shall now, save with a poet's enthusiasm, undertake to speak of that unrivalled beauty, whose witchery fascinated the gaze of every beholder, or of that matchless intellect and heroic woman's soul, which added new lustre to her charms! She had passed the first bloom of youth, and had ripened into the full development of mature womanhood. Madame Roland was thirty-eight. Something perhaps there was either in the contour of her high and exquisitely chiselled features and finely developed form, or in the

sprightly freedom and originality of her conversation, which might strike the mind as of a too bold and masculine character, to suit well with that feminine delicacy which is one of the chief ornaments of woman. But thus it did not seem to young Barbaroux, whose eye appeared never to wander from the fair speaker, save when it chanced for a moment to meet her gaze, and then it fell while a blush, faint as the rosy tint of the dawn, mounted to his temples.

It was Saturday evening, the 1st of September, 1792.

Louvet filled a glass of wine, and, raising it to his lips, said:

"Victory to Dumouriez and the patriot army. Let us hope that genius, courage and patriotism, will yet baffle the legions of the tyrants."

A smile lighted up the features of Madame Roland, as she replied:

"The thanks of the Roman Senate were decreed to a defeated general, because he did not despair of the Republic in as fearful a crisis as this. Friends, do we not owe thanks to Louvet, who does not still despair of liberty and France?"

Then spoke young Barbaroux, his eye kindling with enthusiasm:

"France will not fail in this struggle. The fire of liberty cannot be trampled out beneath the feet of the German invaders. What if Brunswick shall scatter Dumouriez's army? What though he captures and lays desolate the capital, and even restores to his throne the prisoner in the Temple—liberty defeated upon the Seine will retire behind the Loire; it cannot be conquered."

The eye of Madame Roland sparkled as it caught the enthusiastic glance of the speaker.—She plucked a rose-bud from a bunch of flowers in a vase before her, and her hand slightly trembled as she gently threw it towards Barbaroux.

"Messieurs," said Condorcet, in his calm quiet way, "it is idle to delude ourselves. Do we not plainly see that liberty is already in its death-struggle. Dumouriez has courage, genius, and military skill, but he has only an army of 23,000 men, and what can these avail against 80,000 of the finest soldiers of Prussia and Austria? Longroy has fallen. Verdun, our last fortress, is invested, perhaps captured. Unless some unforeseen accident shall intervene, Brunswick will in three days be master of the capital. Paris taken, the revolution is overwhelmed, and the Republic strangled in its birth. Messieurs, we can but die beneath the ruins of the capital; the liberties of France will die with us; such is the portion of those who dare to dream of the freedom of the world!"

All the soul of that queenly woman rushed to her lips, as looking round the little group of enthusiasts, she exclaimed:

"No, monsieur, you mistake; there is hope—hope while Paris has men to send forth to battle."

Let the voice of eloquence go forth from the tribune, and come up from the corners of the street, rousing all Paris to arms. If the men will not answer it, the women will arm themselves with pikes, and march forth to meet the invaders.—What say you, friends, is there no voice here potent enough in the tribune to marshal a hundred thousand bayonets under the walls of Paris? What say you, *M. le President*, France, with a million of arms, has but one tongue like yours?"

She turned her eye as she spoke full upon the pensive countenance of the young deputy, who sat by the side of Barbaroux. Rousing himself with something of an effort, as though indifferent to the marked compliment, that coming from those lips, would have thrilled upon the hearts of others there, he answered in the full, deep, and melodious tones of a voice which once heard is never forgotten:

"Ah, madame, the eloquence of which you speak will be of little avail now in the wild popular commotion. It is but the flourish of the trumpet which is drowned in the blasts of the whirlwind. Yet, my friends, there is a spell more potent abroad to rouse the people to arms and save liberty and France. It is a fearful spell—the spell of TERROR. The wizard hand of the enchanter of the populace, Danton, has spread it abroad over the city. It is he who wields the popular thunderbolts."

A slight emotion of something like displeasure, for a moment, clouded the brow of Madame Roland. Was it that the name of Danton, an occasional, though never a genial guest in her *salon*, grated harshly at that moment on her ear, or was it the calm indifference of the speaker which moved her? He continued—

"The prisons are filled with thousands of the *suspect*; it is the work of Danton. The royalists are struck with terror; it is the work of Danton. The people are blind with the fury of despair, and to-morrow they will respond to the call of Danton, and crowd the Champ-de-Mars, eager to be led against the enemy. The revolution has passed into Danton's hands. Should Brunswick scatter the army of Dumouriez, he will meet Danton at the head of the people under the walls of Paris."

His friends in silence listened to the words of the speaker. The color paled in the fair cheek of the wife of Roland, and a slight tremulous emotion, rapid as an electric thrill, agitated her frame. She said no more, but, waving an adieu to her friends, arose and joined her husband in the other apartment.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIBUNE.

BRIGHT and unclouded arose the sun, on the 2d of September, 1792, upon Paris. It was a Sabbath morning, but it dawned upon a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Every element of popular wrath and of popular despair was at work lashing into madness the unchained passions of a frantic people. The friends of the late monarchy—and they numbered their thousands in the city—

were skulking in hiding places, tortured between the fear of arrest by the Commune, and the hope of safety in the triumph of the Prussians, or mingling with the populace, were striving to pass themselves off as good citizens, by shouting with feigned zeal from palid lips—*Vive la Republique!* The patriots were filled with consternation. The better portion of the masses seemed sunken in the lethargy of despair; the worst appeared ripe for deeds of rapine and blood. Some were crowding the Champ-de-Mars—some were pressing toward the Assembly—and others were filling up the old convent of the Jacobins. The worst part of the Parisian populace began to appear, mingling with the masses which thronged the streets. Vice, with its haggard eye and tattered garment, crawled out from the kennel and the gutter. Crime, with stealthy face, having crept from its lurking place, now mingled boldly among the crowd. Abject misery and pauperism, in their most hideous forms, swarmed through the Palais Royal, begging not for the preservation of liberty or life, but for bread!

"Yonder goes an aristocrat," said a squalid, bare-headed man to his companion, pointing to a decently-dressed citizen, as he hurried along the Rue St. Honore.

"Look you, neighbor, there is plenty of room left for such as he at la Force and the Bicetre."

"La Force and the Bicetre are too good for him, he should go to the *lanterne*."

The well-dressed citizen saw himself observed and disappeared hastily among the crowd.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a rag picker. "They conspire with the forestallers while the people are starving."

"Neighbor,"—answered a voice from a group of squalid women—"there will be plenty of bread when the Duke of Brunswick comes to Paris, for he will cut all our throats and leave fewer mouths to eat it."

A wild laugh followed this coarse sally, and the group swept on toward the Conciergerie.

"Whither so fast, Citizen Duplain," said a man to his neighbor, who was hurrying past him armed with an old rusty pike.

"To the Champ-de-Mars," was the reply. "I go to-morrow with the recruits to Dumouriez army."

"And leave the royalists behind to murder our wives and our children?" inquired the first speaker.

"No fear of that now, Pierre," said Citizen Duplain. "The committee of surveillance takes care of the aristocrats. It's hard breaking through the walls of la Force and the Conciergerie; and if they try it, why we have only to run our pikes through them—that's all," and the patriot citizen passed on.

"Vive Danton," arose from the crowd, and the stately form of the great revolutionist swept by on his way to the Assembly. Many of the populace thronged around him, but his head towered above all, like Saul's among the children of Israel.—There was an air of proud defiance, of calm courage, and self-confidence in his carriage. No shrinking, no fear, no hesitation, no doubt even could be traced upon those harsh and rugged,

though bold and striking features. Men took new courage as they looked upon the dauntless front of the fierce demagogue, and felt themselves in presence of the KING of the PEOPLE. He chatted and laughed familiarly with his friends as he strode rapidly along.

In the tribune of the National Assembly stood the young deputy, with the pensive melancholy features, who had sat by the side of Barbaroux at Madame Roland's repast. One would scarcely have recognized him now, roused from the dreary indifference of his last night's conversation, in the orator, who, with outstretched arms and flashing eye, and with a countenance irradiated with the inspiration of genius, was rousing the people to battle for their country. Such eloquence as this had never been heard in that Assembly—never in France since Mirabeau had been carried dying from the tribune. Nay, did Mirabeau himself ever speak such burning words, in such melodious accents to the people? Did he possess a power to charm equal with that wonderful voice, destined, alas! while Mirabeau, the betrayer of the popular cause, still slept in the Pantheon, to be stifled by the axe of the guillotine. It was the voice of VERGNAUD:

"Citizens, you manifested the ardor of Frenchmen for festivities at the Federation, will you now show less for battle? You have sung, you have celebrated liberty, will you not now defend it?—You have no longer kings of bronze to overthrow, but living kings armed with all their power. Let the National Assembly show the first example of heroism. Let us go and wield the spade with our hands in throwing up entrenchments to resist the enemy."

It was not a shout merely which went up as Vergniaud took his seat, but a frenzied tumult of applause. Danton had entered the Assembly, and was himself carried away with the enthusiasm of Vergniaud's eloquence. He sprang into the tribune, and addressed the people in one of his own impressive harangues, which, though of tremendous energy and effect, contrasted strongly with that of his colleague. Vergniaud's voice was the clear and melodious call of the trumpet to battle; that of Danton was the harsh muttering of the thunder; but the thunder did not roll harmless over the heads of the people; it was accompanied by the electric flash, which scattered the fire bolts on every side around him. He urged that not only all Paris, but all France should be forthwith summoned to arms—that couriers should be sent forth, and every citizen, capable of bearing arms, be enrolled to serve his country in battle.

"The gun which you will presently hear," he shouted, at the top of his mighty voice, "is not the alarm gun. It is the charge against the enemies of the country. What need we, in order to conquer, to annihilate the enemy? Boldness—more boldness—and boldness for ever!"

* * * * *

Did Danton mean to point out the royalists of Paris as the enemy who were to be annihilated? Did his eye rest upon the prisons filled with the suspected, and did he then meditate or had he knowledge of that gigantic crime, the "September massacre," which has cast its horrid stain upon

the annals of the Revolution? These questions must remain unanswered.

Certain it is, toward evening of that same day, the populace on a sudden impulse commenced butchering the priests at the Abbaye. The massacres continued at intervals several days. Roland and the other ministers spoke boldly and earnestly against it, though in vain, but Danton, the Minister of Justice, *did not speak*.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMIGRE'S DAUGHTER.

A SLIGHT and tremulous knock was heard at the door of the Minister Roland. The wife of the minister was alone, and a visitor was ushered into her boudoir. She was a young and beautiful woman, with that winning takable air of dignity and grace which proclaimed her at a glance one of the ancient *noblesse* of the capital. Her countenance was the picture of sorrow and despair, and the traces of tears were still visible on her cheeks.

The girl timidly advanced, threw back a thick veil which muffled her features, sunk at the feet of Madame Roland, and, seizing one of her hands, covered it with tears.

"Madame," she sobbed, "they say you are good—they say you are kind—pity the misery of one of your own sex, and save my poor Antoine!"

The wife of the minister gently raised the kneeling girl from the floor, and in a kind tone said to her:

"Sit down, my child—nay, don't clasp my hand so tightly—sit down and tell me all. Who are you—who is Antoine—and how can I serve him?"

"I am the daughter of an *emigre*, madame.—My name is Louison de Courval. Antoine is my lover; we were to be married on Tuesday," said the girl, with innocent naivete.

The lady smiled and motioned her visitor to proceed.

"Madame must know that Antoine was an officer of the National Guards, with Mandat, at the Palace, on the 10th of August, and refused to fight against the king, or to join the people when they murdered the Swiss. Last night they entered his house under pretence of searching for arms; they arrested him as a royalist and carried him to la Force. Ah, madame, they tell me the prisoners are not safe. The people have just killed the priests at the Abbaye, and are now on their way to the Carmelites. They mean to kill all the prisoners, and poor Antoine will die. He is no conspirator, madame—he would fight with Dumouriez against the Prussians, but not against the Swiss. He is a patriot, madame; I am sure they would not have put him in prison only on my account. They knew he was to be married to me, and I the daughter of an *emigre*!"

Here the girl gave way to a burst of passionate grief. Madame Roland shuddered; she had not yet heard of the massacre. Pacifying the girl as well as she was able, she asked:

"And how can I assist Antoine, my child?"

"Are you not the wife of the Minister Roland?" inquired the girl, artlessly.

"Yes; but Roland is not here, and if he were I fear me his word would not go far with the keeper of la Force, who holds his prisoners by warrant of the Commune. Were he but Danton."

"And you cannot save him, madame," sobbed the poor girl. "He is no conspirator, madame, but he will die because he is my lover, and I the daughter of an *emigre*."

"Do not despair, my child," said Madame Roland, tenderly, "Antoine shall not die if Roland can save him. But in these wild times, who can answer for another's life, even of his dearest friend, ay, or of his own, amid the fury of the people, goaded to madness by the wrongs of their oppressors? I do not say your lover shall be released—that I cannot promise—but I will do what can be done to save him."

The hope which began to beam in the eye of the young girl died away as the wife of the minister ceased speaking, but, suddenly starting up, she eagerly inquired:

"Did madame say Citizen Danton would save Antoine?"

"I did not say he *would*," answered the lady, "but perhaps he has the power if he chooses to exert it. He has great influence at the Commune and over the committee of *surveillance*. His word will open the doors of any prison in Paris. Nay, it is not improbable that Danton will do it could the wife of Roland so far humble herself as to request it as a boon. Violent and terrible as he sometimes is, Danton is generous and has a heart open to the feelings of compassion. Roland may fail to procure your lover's release, my child, but a word from Danton will effect it, and trust me that word shall not fail to be spoken through any dainty scruple of mine."

Ere Madame Roland ceased speaking, the girl had glided from the room, and the next moment her retreating footsteps were heard in the streets.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIFE OF DANTON.

IN a handsomely furnished room, in a small house in the Cour de Commerce, sat the still beautiful and youthful wife of Danton. The night was wearing late, but the streets were noisy and unquiet, and the lady, ever and anon, stepped anxiously to the window and cast a glance without into the street. Two infants lay slumbering upon a pallet in an adjoining room. The lady glided through the half open door, and bent down her ear to listen to the breathing of the sleepers. There were upon the infantile features of the tiny slumberers distinctly to be traced, amid their child-like beauty and innocence, the bold, striking peculiarities of visage, the high cheek bones and prominent forehead, which bespoke them at once the sons of Danton. As the lady turned from the pallet and re-entered her room, she suddenly found herself in the presence of a female, muffled in a thick veil, whose entrance into the house had been so quiet as to have been entirely unnoticed.

Madame Danton started, but the low, sweet tones of the woman's voice re-assured her:

"I seek the Minister of Justice," said she, at the same time drawing back her veil and revealing the sorrow-stricken, though beautiful features of Louison de Courval.

"Citizen Danton has been from home since morning," was the answer. "If your business with him be of a public nature and urgent, you can inquire for him at the Council of Ministers.—If not, entrust it to me and he shall know it before he sleeps to night."

"Alas, madame," said Louison, as the tears started from her eyes, "I had hoped to meet him here—where else can my poor boon be granted if not here, under the roof of Danton—kneeling at his feet and in your presence? At the Council, or among his comrades, he will not deign to listen to the daughter of an *emigre*."

Something there was in the look or accents of the suppliant, or in the hopeless grief which agitated her delicate frame, that touched the kind heart of Madame Danton. She took the girl by the hand, led her to a seat, and listened with a moistened eye as Louison related her simple story.

"And so Antoine is your lover," she said, after a pause, "and you were to be married on Tuesday—and he is in prison! Ah, me! and you came to Danton to save him. Men call my husband bloodthirsty and pitiless; do you think he will save your friend Antoine?"

"And why should he not, madame?" answered Louison. "Why should Citizen Danton wish poor Antoine to be murdered? Antoine never injured him, and besides he is no conspirator; he is a patriot, and if let out of prison would march with Dumouriez to help kill the Prussians."

The wife of the minister smiled through the tears which were fast filling her eyes. Gently pressing the girl's little hand, and drawing closer to her side, she spoke to her with all the confidential gossip of a friend, and yet with a child-like feeling of pride:

"Look you now, the aristocrats call my husband cruel and relentless; so he may be to the enemies of the country, for Danton is a good patriot; but he has no personal enemies, and if your Antoine had done him fifty wrongs he would just as soon open his prison doors, especially for one word of mine. Do you see, mademoiselle, it was but yesterday he set Monsieur Barnave free, who used to strive bitterly against him at the Jacobins, and Duport, and Laurette, too, and others—he told me so himself this morning—and when was Danton ever known to be aught but noble and true to his friends. Ah, mademoiselle, if Antoine had only been Danton's *friend*, it would not have been the committee of *surveillance* nor the whole Commune together, with Marat at the head of it, that would have torn him away, even from the daughter of an *emigre*. But Antoine shall be released. Be comforted, my dear, Danton shall set him free; he shall receive no injury."

The poor girl wept with joy as she kissed the hand of her kind benefactor.

"Ah, madame, how good you are! how can I thank you?"

"We shall see when Antoine is released. And

now, my dear, you are tired. Rest here to-night, and to-morrow Danton himself shall tell you that your friend is free."

Louison slept soundly that night, notwithstanding her grief and anxiety, and dreamed of Antoine. The rays of the sun were streaming full in at the window before she awoke.

Late that night the heavy tread of Danton was heard entering his dwelling. There was an air of wild and fierce excitement visible upon his features, which he in vain strove to conceal under an assumed gayety. His wife flew to meet him. He clasped her tenderly in his arms, gently parted back her raven hair from her forehead with his large hand, and thrice kissed her brow with the passionate ardor of a young lover. Madame Danton related the story of Louison de Courval, and her husband, looking with fond tenderness upon her, smiled the while, as though he had forgotten that, at that very moment, Maillard and his hellish crew were sacking the prisons and murdering their inmates. She saw in his countenance that her request was granted before it was made. Madame Danton handed her husband a letter which a courier, in haste, had left at the door late that evening. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"CITIZEN MINISTER,—

"A young officer in the National Guards, called Antoine—his other name is not known to me—is confined in la Force. The only crime of which he seems to be accused is that he is to be married to the daughter of an *emigre*. The wife of Roland entreats Citizen Danton, as the first boon she has ever asked at his hands, that he will aid in effecting the young man's release. Roland joins with me heartily in the request."

Danton cast the letter negligently upon the table. Profuse, prodigal, even careless in his generosity, he hesitated not for a moment.

"It needs not this," he remarked, pointing to the letter, "though I would cheerfully gratify the caprice of our lady minister in a graver matter.—Your request, sweet," addressing his wife, "shall be obeyed. Antoine must be set at liberty though he were a fugitive *emigre* himself. Maillard's judgment tribunal will have victims enough without him."

Thus speaking, he turned to the pallet where lay his sleeping children, and bending over them a moment he kissed them tenderly. What a scene was that! Danton, the revolutionist, the man of terror, bending with a father's affection over the couch of sleeping innocence! With a hasty step he left the dwelling, and his wife heard his retreating footsteps die away in the distance. In about an hour he again returned, and throwing himself upon his couch, Danton slept.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOTEL DE LA FORCE.

THE night of the 2d of September, 1792, was long remembered in Paris as a night of terror and crime. Such a scene had never before been wit-

nessed in France. A group of furious monsters, intoxicated with wine furnished by the Commune, and frantic as bloodhounds with the taste of blood, were murdering the captives in the prisons.

At the Hotel de la Force, a young officer of the National Guards, amid a crowd of other captives, was watching out the weary hours of the night. It was Antoine Boudry. Sleep had been a stranger to the prisoner. The noise of the frightful tumult in the street had dinned in the ears of the inmates of la Force incessantly since nightfall, and full well they knew what frightful scenes were then enacting at the other prisons in Paris, for the crowd without boasted openly of the deed, and taunted and threatened the wretched inmates.—The fearful agony of suspense—the cold, dead, death-like chill of apprehension carried a more poignant terror to the hearts of the prisoners.—Every moment they deemed the walls of their own prison were about to be assailed; every group of men who rushed by, shouting with drunken fury, or sending forth yells of blind and furious rage, they thought were the executioners about to wreak upon them their bloody vengeance.

An universal, death-like chill of terror seemed to set like a pall over the inmates of la Force. It was, perhaps, strange that Antoine Boudry, amid the general panic, felt for his own personal safety little alarm, at that fearful moment, or rather felt within his bosom the confidence of some unforeseen deliverance. Antoine himself did not perhaps ascribe this lightness of heart to the true cause.—Late that night the jailor had whispered his name, and, calling him to the wicket, had placed a slip of paper in his hand: "Take this," said he, "it comes from one who wishes to befriend you—do not seek to use it hastily—but resort to it only in the last emergency."

The jailor disappeared before he could ask him a question, and Antoine had in vain attempted by the dim and flickering light, which struggled with the darkness of his dungeon, to decipher the contents of the paper, or even the signature attached to it.

At length, just as the first dawn of the morning was about to break upon Paris, a loud shout from a group rapidly marching upon the prison attracted the attention of the National Guard. He clambered up to the grated window, and could just discover a company of some fifty or sixty murderous and bloodthirsty looking ruffians entering the courtyard. At their head marched a man with a drawn sword, who seemed to be reeling with intoxication—his shirt sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, like a butcher, and his arms were stained with blood. The garments of some of his companions were also soiled with blood. They carried pikes, axes, and other weapons. Lights danced among the crew—who shouted and cursed as they marched along—and altogether the scene resembled what it has been fitly styled, the "Saturnalia of Hell."

A loud voice was heard calling upon the keeper of the prison—and the bustle of hasty preparation followed. A table was provided, at the head of which the leader of the gang, Maillard, seated himself as judge, his elbows resting upon it, and a list of the prisoners, furnished by the keeper, spread

before him. One by one he called out the names of the prisoners who were hurried before him, and in a moment after the captives within could either hear the death groans of the victims in the court-yard, as they sank beneath the pikes of the ruffians, or the loud shout of *vive la nation*, which announced their acquittal. Antoine's turn came at last. With a bold countenance he met the steady gaze of Maillard, and the dozen or twenty savage faces which thronged the table.

"Your name," growled one of these men in a rough voice.

"No matter for that, citizen," ejaculated Maillard. "He is a conspirator, else why is he here at la Force."

"I know him," said another, "he was with that villain Mandat, on the 10th of August, at the palace. He refused to turn against the king when the Swiss fired upon the people—and besides, he is to marry the daughter of the *emigre* and traitor, Monsieur de Courval."

"Let him go forth to meet justice from the people," said Maillard.

"Hold, *messieurs*," said Antoine, struggling between two of the ruffians who were hurrying him from the room, and suddenly recollecting the paper in his pocket—"read this"—and he handed his paper to Maillard.

The president glanced at it a moment—"Antoine Boudry," he muttered. "*Pardieu*—but I had forgotten! This from Citizen Danton—and I have in my pocket a charge too, to look to this young man. This must not be. Stay, citizens, not so hasty." And Maillard drew out a paper from his pocket while the men let go their hold upon Antoine.

"Citizen Boudry is no traitor, *messieurs*, here is a good voucher." And Maillard read—

"Set Citizen Antoine Boudry free. He is faithful and true to the nation and not one of the conspirators." "DANTON."

A shout of *Vive la Nation! Vive Danton!* went up from the lips of those who thronged that fearful judgment seat. The men who had seized Antoine for the purpose of thrusting him out to

meet the vengeance of the people, now threw their arms around him in a transport of joy, and even shed tears, as they conducted him through the bloody pikes and uplifted axes of the ruffians who thronged the gates of la Force. Antoine shuddered as he beheld the mangled corpses of the victims who strewed the court-yard. And as he turned from the frightful scene, while terror lent swift wings to his footsteps—right there—full before him—upon an uplifted pike—he met the bloody head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe!

CHAPTER VI.

ANTOINE.

PARIS was saved. The genius and skill of Dumouriez baffled the Prussians. That great soldier seized upon the pass of the forest of Argonne—the Thermopylae of France—and with the aid of the levies which Danton sent forth from Paris, succeeded in rolling back the tide of war over the frontier.

In the brilliant cannonade of Valmy, under Kellermann, a young *chef de battallion* distinguished himself at the head of his column, for his conduct and daring intrepidity. Kellermann made him a colonel on the field of battle. Under Dumouriez, at the splendid victory of Jemappes, this same young officer, charging at the head of a republican squadron, routed a regiment of the enemy, and was carried, desperately wounded, from the field of battle.

Antoine Boudry, the young hero of Valmy and Jemappes, disabled from active service in the field, returned to Paris. He found Louison de Courval an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Danton.—But the days of terror were fast stealing over the capital of France. Antoine, with his young bride, the *emigre's* daughter, retired to the provinces, and it was not until the star of Napoleon had risen that he again returned to Paris to meet with his wife round the board of the once proscribed, but now restored *Emigre* de Courval.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

BY L——, OF EASTFORD HERMITAGE.

LIFE's short course with her was pleasant
As a summer's sunny morn,
For each grace most pure and winning
Did that youthful one adorn.

And life's closing scene was lovely
As the farewell scene at even—
Thus she murmured as she gently
Passed away from earth to Heaven:

"Strangers clothed in snowy mantles
Are inviting me away
To fair fields of fadeless verdure,
And bright realms of endless day."

"Music holy and entrancing
Floats upon the ambient air—
And a shining robe they bring me,
Such as those the angels wear."

Thus the youthful, dying maiden:
Sank to her unending rest,
Gently as the hues of even
Fade along the rosy West.

May we die as do the righteous,
When our last sad hour shall come,
And may Angels guide our spirits
To our Father's heavenly home.



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.
BY SIGMA.**

XXXII.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D.D.

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D. D., is now in his fifty-third year. For thirty-three years he has been a preacher of the gospel. Reared in humble circumstances, in early life bound down by poverty, unblessed by academical instruction, unadmitted to libraries, unaided by teachers, he has been struggling on and fighting his way up; watchful of opportunities for improvement, snatching at way-side facilities, gathering here a little and there a little, borrowing a history of one, buying a grammar of another, reading in kitchen corners, studying in log cabins on his backwoods' circuit, learn-

ing Latin of his son, joining a Hebrew class nineteen years after he began to preach, he has held on his course perseveringly, steadily, calmly, unwaveringly, until now he stands forth one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the patriarchs of the clergy, respected, revered, relied upon, beloved.

Dr. Peck has preached faithfully and successfully for thirty-three years; but preaching has not been the act which has individualized him. Other men have preached faithfully and successfully, who, at the end of thirty-three years, are undistinguish-

ed from their many brethren who have also preached faithfully and successfully. Dr. Peck has done this, and he has done more than this. He has accomplished a special mission. This has individualized him; this has distinguished him. Of this we wish specially to speak; and after having thus introduced him to the general reader, we shall present a brief biographical sketch, for the gratification of his many personal friends, who, already knowing the man, desire to know the history of his life. The special work to which we refer as constituting his mission, is the awakening of interest throughout the Methodist denomination in the education of her clergy, and the consequent exalting of the standard of literary and theological attainments. It is a notorious fact that not many years ago the clergy of this large and vigorous denomination were for the greater part *uneducated men*.

In using the derivatives of this word *education* in this sketch, we shall employ it in its popular signification, (which is at the same time a limited and technical one,) as referring to the mental culture obtained in *schools* and by *books*. There is a meaning of this word which is truer and broader. In this truer sense many men are educated, who, in the *popular* sense, pass for uneducated. There are many, who, versed in languages, and steeped in literature, stagger under the load of science stacked up in their brains, who are nevertheless in reality uneducated men. Their mental, moral, spiritual powers are not developed, brought out, (*e-duco*) strengthened for efficient service.—They are still in embryo, spiritually weak, dependent, creeping infants. There are other men who know little of books, but who can think, and reason, and feel, and influence, and accomplish, to such an extent, that they are the guides, captains, pioneers in the march of life.

Some of these unlettered men seem to have intuitive knowledge. These are the "common sense" persons. Some have studied Human Nature from the living volumes who have read few printed ones. Some have been trained in the school of active life; some have been disciplined by trials; some have been developed by silent thought and solitary reflection; and some have been apt scholars in the 'school of Christ.' And all these know little of text books, or Lexicons, or Encyclopædias, and yet are truly educated—better educated than many a pale student who has paid his five dollars for a parchment. There have been many such among the Methodist clergy, and yet because they are unlettered, unschooled and undiplomned, people call them uneducated, and—so shall we. We have dwelt upon this point, because we would not be misunderstood, so as to seem to cast reproach upon men, who, with little learning, have become great teachers, and with scanty seed reap mighty harvests. There is no doubt that every one of these would be of an higher order of manhood, and be more effective ministers if they were better versed in books. Dr. Peck felt this strongly; and hence he applied himself to the work of awakening an interest in education among his denomination, and of providing means for the more thorough training of the clergy. When he was a young man, persons were licensed to preach,

by the Conferences, who knew nothing of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written; who could not decline *hic, hæc, hoc*; who knew nothing of biblical criticism; who were untrained in philosophical principles; nay, who could neither read with fluency or write with correctness. They were men of strong minds, but whose strength might be used to promote error as well as to establish truth. They were men of large, beating hearts, but whose impulses were as likely to kindle the wildfire of fanaticism as to warm into being a love for God. They were men of zeal, but it was oftentimes "zeal without knowledge." They were men of a most self-sacrificing spirit, but there was danger that, in the sacrifice of self, they would sacrifice the truth. They felt that they had received a "call" from Heaven to preach. They were as certain of their commission as was Paul, on his way to Damascus, when the light above the brightness of the sun, gleamed around him. Like Paul they answered, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" But unlike Paul they did not spend two years in Arabia in retired study. With the gratitude of redemption, with the warmth of a first love, with the assurance of a divine commission, they present themselves to the Conference, and the Conference sends them forth. They go into the new settlements. They gather about them people more unlettered than themselves. They preach in cabins and in log school-houses, with an eloquence fired by devotion, but unassisted by education. They oftentimes utter words of the deepest wisdom, but sometimes proclaim reasonings the most sophistical, and sentiments the most absurd. They sometimes strive to increase their stock of knowledge when on the circuit, by studying while riding on horseback, as did Dr. Darbin, or retiring with a book to the corner of the kitchen, the whole of which is occupied by the family, as did Dr. Peck; but oftentimes they feel no necessity for this extra exertion, and oftentimes they could have no books if they realized the necessity. Such was the state of a fair share of the Methodist clergy not thirty years ago.

They accomplished great good, but they also wrought some evil, and left much good unaccomplished. They were the pioneers of the church. They mounted the foremost wave, as the tide of civilization rolled over the Western prairie, and they cast the bread of life upon the waters, which is now being gathered "after many days." They could live on one hundred dollars a year, preach seven times each week, exhort daily from house to house, sleep on the floor, walk from one frontier settlement to another, and at the end of the year report themselves strong and hearty to the Conference, and receive their credentials for another year's campaign. We honor them for their devotion; we bless them for the good done; we forgive them for their mistakes.

Dr. Peck thus describes the state of the Methodist clergy, in an address, delivered in 1834:

"As a body of ministers, we have less literature than is at the present day highly necessary to give us that commanding influence over the community, which will render us adequate to the emergen-

cies of the times in which we live. To this proposition I think all will concede; and I doubt not but all will unite most heartily in the inquiry after the causes and the remedy."

"General education lays the foundation for the cultivation of the several branches of science and literature. And hence a defective knowledge in any department of literature may originate in a defective general education. Here, then, we are undoubtedly to look for some of the causes of the deficiency in ministerial education. We shall find, upon due inquiry, that the difficulty commences with the very rudiments of knowledge.—The teachers employed, the books and systems of instruction used in our early years, were most woefully defective. And hence the false notions which we imbibed in childhood from these sources have crippled our efforts in after life, and some of their evil effects we may carry to our graves. But some of us have labored under still other embarrassments, growing out of our circumstances in life, location, habits of thinking, &c., which, however, I need not here detail.

"But as to the means of education in the *higher branches*, there is still greater cause of complaint. Until these few years past, the Methodist Church exerted next to no influence over the high schools and colleges in the country, and had none under its immediate patronage. Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury made a laudable effort to raise the standard of literature among the Methodists, by erecting Cokesbury college. This institution was opened on the 8th of December, 1787, with twenty-five students. But it had scarcely begun to shed its genial rays upon our infant community, before, by a mysterious providence, its light was extinguished. It was destroyed by fire, December 4, 1795, about eight years after it was opened, and about ten after laying the foundation of the edifice. A long and gloomy night succeeded the catastrophe of this rising institution; during which no effectual provision was made for the literary improvement of our Church. Our fathers were so constantly occupied in meeting the numerous and pressing calls for labor, which came up from every quarter of our widely extended country; and in thrusting themselves into the thousand doors which were opening for the preaching of the word and the conversion of souls; (and some of them, too hastily concluding that the destruction of Cokesbury college was an indication of Providence that the Methodists did not need, and ought not to have, literary institutions,) that no similar effort was made, no college or seminary erected, or brought under the special patronage of any annual conference, for more than twenty years!

"The consequence was such as would be naturally expected. The literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church, struggling under such disadvantages, remained low. Most of our people who had the means of giving their sons a liberal education, were averse from putting them under the influence and instructions of such men as branded Methodism as a novel heresy, and might think it a good work to alienate them from it. Consequently, few who became Methodist preachers ever had it in their power to take a regular course

in the higher branches of education: not to say that many of us, from the necessities of honest poverty, (which I suppose ought not to be reckoned to us a sin,) never had the means to find our way into a college, or even an academy or high school, had we been ever so much disposed, or had there been institutions of these classes ever so much to our liking."

"As things now are, and, as it is to be feared they may but too long continue, our candidates for the ministry are left with very little to aid them in plodding their way through the preparatory studies which we appoint them; and these are comparatively limited, and in several branches quite inadequate."

"We have all remarked the disadvantages which accrue to the Church from the course which some of our most talented ministers feel themselves compelled to pursue. During their two years' probation they have so much to study, and with so few helps, that they have little time for any thing else. After entering, they feel that they have *but just commenced* their course of reading and study, and that nothing should occasion a relaxation of their application to books, or retard them in their regular course. And so, at least in the opinion of many of the people, they prosecute their studies at the expense of regular pastoral duties. And who knows how much the work has actually suffered from this source? But that such ministers do themselves suffer indescribably, every one knows who has made the experiment. And that it is no small source of mortification to be frequently called in question by the people for neglecting to visit them, and to feel that many things of more or less interest to the Church must be left undone, or a regular course of reading and study be abandoned, or but partially attended to, many have proved by sad experience. Many, influenced by these difficulties, have abandoned their regular course of studies early in their ministry, and have labored for many years, and perhaps will continue to do so through life, with but scanty literary qualifications. All these facts are perfectly obvious to every one who has been but a cursory observer of the Methodist ministry for these few years past."

With a clear view of the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, a view rendered vivid by personal experience in early life, Dr. Peck set himself to work to introduce a reform. He pressed the subject upon the attention of his brethren; he addressed Conferences; he advocated the study of Greek and Hebrew; he proposed that additional qualifications should be necessary to a license to preach; that more time should be allowed for preparation; that in the list of books prescribed for examination the starting point should be higher, and consequently the advance greater; that money should be appropriated for the assistance of indigent young men while engaged in preparatory studies; that suitable text books should be prepared, and theological libraries established; that competent ministers should be employed to instruct their younger brethren; and that a magazine should be established "of a highly literary and

critical character, in which should be published translations of select articles from the German critics, critical notices of new foreign publications, with reviews of the new works which are published at home and abroad;" and which would be calculated to "call out powerful pens which are now slumbering, and no doubt will continue to slumber until some such vehicle of communication is introduced."

Dr. Peck thus speaks in regard to the importance of the study of Hebrew and Greek:

"An argument of no little force, in favor of some provision for efficient aid in the study of the higher branches of theological literature, is derived from the advanced and constantly advancing state of *Biblical learning* in the country. An increasing attention is now paid to the original Scriptures; and the real importance of a knowledge of the languages in which our sacred books were written, to a minister of the Gospel, appears now to be universally felt and acknowledged. The originals are now studied and referred to as the last and highest authority, by theologians and preachers of all classes, orthodox and heterodox.—So much is this the case, that it is thought disreputable for a minister, under ordinary circumstances, not to have some knowledge of them; and one is constantly liable to meet some antagonist who makes pretensions, either true or false, to a knowledge of the original languages of the Bible."

"That much has been done by learned and judicious commentators to remove difficulties and clear away obscurities from the Scriptures, will not be questioned; but the diligent student of the Bible and of sacred criticism, cannot but be convinced that much more remains to be done. And a share of this, by reading the originals, any one may do for himself, much more to his own satisfaction than another can do it for him. Indeed it is impossible that all the beauty, force, and shades of meaning, contained in the originals, should ever be fully developed by translators and commentators. If it could be done, as St. John says of a history of all the actions of Christ, 'the world itself would not contain the books which would be written' upon the subject. But by a bare ability to read the originals with tolerable facility, the Biblical student is able to explain many passages, upon which he would find nothing satisfactory in the critics and commentators if he should search the whole of them."

The first clause of the address referred to above, we beg leave to introduce, as forcibly presenting the necessity of an educated ministry.

"Intelligence and literature are at all times and in all places essential qualifications for a minister of the Gospel. But these qualifications are especially necessary in an age when the arts and sciences are cultivated with the greatest avidity, and in a country where they are the national birthright of all classes of the community. The improvements which have been made in the systems of education, and the multiplication of facilities for the attainment of knowledge, within these few years past, have greatly improved the litera-

ture of the country, and considerably elevated the literary character of all classes of the community. And it requires no extraordinary penetration to see that the Christian ministry must make corresponding advances or fall behind the times, and consequently go into disrepute, and so expose the cause of Christianity to contempt. An unlettered ministry at this age of the Church must be considered as fairly out of the question. The present is emphatically an age of inquiry. And it is an age in which skepticism and infidelity are disseminated and openly avowed. The enemies of truth abate not a whit of their zeal and malignity.—They are incessant in their attacks upon the foundations of our faith. They assume a variety of false colors and deceptive garbs. Stale and antiquated objections to fundamental truths are diligently sought out and revived, and men's brains are put to the rack to find out new ones. Old heresies are daily dug out of the rubbish of antiquity, and novel ones are coined, and both are disseminated with more than apostolic ardor; and our own people are daily becoming more inquisitive and intelligent. How our ministry is to be qualified for the emergencies growing out of all these facts, is a question of the deepest interest, both to our Church and to the community. The present is not the age of miracles. We are not now authorized to expect that 'it shall be given to us in the self-same hour what we ought to speak.' The object is now placed within the grasp of the ordinary means; and when this is the case, God does not ordinarily put forth his miraculous powers, but we are required to make use of the appointed means, and then look to him who gives the *increase* for his blessing."

But it was not alone by portraying the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, and proposing remedies and plans for a thorough and systematic education, that Dr. Peck labored in the origination and prosecution of this great reform. He laid hold with his own hands of the work which he advised to be done. He was an active participator in the establishment of the Cazenovia Seminary. In the year 1817 he drew up a report, which was presented to the Conference, in favor of the project of such a school, in which he earnestly set forth the necessity of means for literary improvement, and subsequently bore an active part in the purchase of the building and the organization of the institution. It is worthy of notice that he subscribed towards the cost of the building twenty-five dollars, when he was not worth a cent in the world, and afterwards earned the sum and paid it. Eighteen years afterwards he was appointed Principal of the institution, and held the post for four years. He was also the originator and first editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, a periodical which ranks among the very first in our country.

Feeling assured that no one will suspect us of serving any personal end, we cannot refrain from speaking in this connection of the uncommon excellence of this Quarterly. We have seen articles in it which are unsurpassed for vigor of thought, correctness of philosophy, and literary taste. Dr. McClintock, the present editor, is a scholar in the true sense of the term. His criticisms are admir-

able; and he fulfils his editorial duties with energy, skill and discernment.

We would call attention to a few brief extracts from the editorial of Dr. Peck, which introduces the "Quarterly" to the world:

"We have long been strongly impressed with the conviction that a Quarterly of high literary merit, one that should be worthy of being considered the standard of Methodist literature and theology in this country, is a desideratum. And we shall put forth our best endeavors to make the new series every thing that is desirable, though we by no means have the vanity to anticipate entire success in attempting to meet the expectations and views of an inquisitive and enlightened age, or in carrying out our own wishes and purposes. But wherein we are observed by our eagle-eyed and liberal-minded friends and brethren who are interested in the work to fail in the execution, we shall not be more solicitous to enjoy the benefit of their candid and charitable consideration, than we shall be to have them supply our lack of service. For we hope (though we would not profess to be wanting in self-respect) we have a higher and more sacred regard for the safe keeping of the great public interests committed to our care than we have for our own fair fame as a critical reviewer."

"As to the classes of articles which we want, we would observe, that, as our work, after the present series is closed, is wholly to take the character of a Review, we want a sufficient amount of *reviews proper*. It will be desirable to have reviews of the most popular of the theological and scientific publications of the day; presenting their spirit, scope, and execution in a lucid and comprehensive manner; refuting what is erroneous, and approving what is right; the whole executed in such a manner as to give the reader a general idea of the work, and a correct knowledge of its great distinguishing features and characteristics. In addition to this class of compositions, we want dissertations, essays, Biblical exegeses, biography, sketches, (historical or descriptive,) literary notices, &c.

"It may fairly be doubted whether the real importance of such a work has as yet been properly estimated, either by the membership or the ministry. The Methodists may truly be denominated a reading community. But multitudes of them neither have the means to purchase *many* books, nor the time to wade through ponderous tomes. To them it is of immense importance that they should be furnished with a periodical which presents, in a condensed form, the substance of the great mass of English and American literature, freed from the obnoxious and deleterious principles which often more than neutralize the good with which they are associated."

"It is the genius of Methodism to enter every open door, and to supply every agency called for by the exigencies of the times. Now, it strikes us, that here is a wide door open; an instrumentality called for, which, under the circumstances, is absolutely indispensable. We are aware that our 'sling and stone' in former times brought down many a proud Goliath. But this is no proof that

now, after God has put into our hands swords and shields, and engines of war, that we have no need of them; and that our institutions can be defended and brought up to the desirable point of efficiency and successful operation without them. Indeed, all the resources within our reach should be called into requisition, and the instruments by which others are exerting such a mighty influence over the intelligence of the age are not to be judged unimportant to our success and security."

A quarter of a century has rolled by since Dr. Peck began to agitate the question of clerical education. It has been a season of rich growth and of great progress in the Methodist denomination—a season of manifold changes and of striking improvement. The labors of Dr. Peck and of his associates who sympathized and acted with him have been crowned with abundant success. The seed time has passed and the harvest is being gathered. The day has gone by, when people look strangely at the mention of a Methodist college, and when the term "Methodist minister" may be used as a synonyme for ignorance and boorishness. The suggestions for improvement made fifteen years ago have become living realities. A regular system of ministerial education has been established. Text books have been prepared; the hand of timely aid is in some specific instances extended to the indigent youth who are training for their Master's service; libraries have been founded for their advantage; Methodist colleges and Methodist seminaries are in flourishing operation; Methodist religious newspapers rank with those of the Presbyterians, the Baptists and the Episcopalians; the Methodist Quarterly Review is distinguished for the ability and elegance of its contributions; and the Methodist Book Concern is constantly issuing its valuable publications. Such has been the improvement in the *means* for clerical education; and the change among the clergy is no less striking. There are still uneducated men in the ministerial ranks, but the ratio to the educated is greatly reduced; and though the change is so recent that the Presbyterians of some quiet country village still continue to be a little puzzled at discovering that the Methodist preacher who has come among them is a man of polished eloquence, of literary acquirements, and of refined taste; yet the change is made and the improvement is going forward. Success to its progress, and speed to its consummation! Few of those in other denominations, who have noticed this change, know that it is the result of plans concocted and efforts put forth many years ago; and still fewer know how much the denomination is indebted to the subject of this sketch for the change they notice and the progress they so gladly recognise. And while we give full credit to him and wish that others also should share in our thank offering, we would not offend his sense of justice or our own, by omitting to mention that other men of liberal views and large hearts have also labored to the same good end.

We will now proceed to give an outline of Dr. Peck's life in accordance with our proposed design. It will be a record of no startling or striking incidences, but mostly of those changes from

place to place incident to the life of a Methodist clergyman. To one unacquainted with Dr. Peck it may be devoid of special interest, but we trust that even such an one of our readers will glean some instruction, while, among his wide circle of friends, the interest in the individual will in some measure be transposed to the facts, assured as they may be that the statement is reliable.

George Peck was born on the 8th of August, 1797, in the town of Middlefield, Otsego county, New-York. His parents were natives of Connecticut, having removed from that State about a year previous. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolution, and both fell while fighting the battles for freedom. His father was a blacksmith, a man of industrious and frugal habits. Both of his parents were godly people, bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, devoting special care to their religious training. They were members of the Congregational Church while in Connecticut; but after their removal to New York, united with the Methodists. Their family consisted of five sons and six daughters. Of these, all survive except two of the daughters. The sons are all ministers. One is President of Dickinson College.

They abounded in Christian hospitality, and their house was a home for the travelling ministers. From an early age George was specially fond of listening to the conversation of these worthy partakers of his father's bounty. It was his theological education. At that time the seeds of truth were dropped, which have since borne fruit so bravely. It is thus that well doing is often rewarded in this life. The father shared his slender earnings with his religious teachers. Heaven accepted the willing gift, and spiritual blessings descended upon his household. In the way of education the children had no greater advantages than were furnished by the district school, which was not of an high order. During one winter, in his eighteenth year, George attended a better school, where he studied English grammar. This was the sum total of his academical education.

From childhood he was the subject of strong religious impressions. The teachings of his parents and the conversations of the visiting clergy were received into an open and susceptible heart. The deep emotions frequently aroused by the presentation of religious truth were however as evanescent as are all the emotions of childhood. The tide of youthful feeling ebbs and flows with a rapidity only equalled by its strength. There was the sorrow for sin, the gush of penitential tears, the forgetfulness, and the laughing glee—the sunshine of the heart again as bright as if no cloud had just cast its dark shadow on the soul. As boyhood came on, there was the usual tendency to boyhood's hatred of constraint and love of waywardness. When, in his sixteenth year, however, a wonderful escape from instant death was the occasion of a more earnest reflection, which resulted in a consecration of himself to his Heavenly Father. One Sabbath afternoon he had eluded the watchful care of his parents, and wandered with his younger brother into the woods to gather nuts. While there a fearful tempest came on, and the great forest trees fell before the blast. A giant

pine was prostrated close by the youthful truants. As it came to the ground they were enveloped in the branches, and its huge trunk lay but three feet from where they stood. The narrow escape made an ineffaceable impression. The future world was brought very nigh, with its eternal interests.—Gratitude for the deliverance from death, and remorse for sin, were soon changed into gratitude for pardon from on High, and the unspeakable joy of being accounted a child of God.

In his nineteenth year, in the year 1816, he began to preach. His first circuit was in Broome county, New York. About this time or somewhat earlier he applied himself most vigorously to reading and study. He was in earnest to accomplish good. His heart was wholly absorbed in the work of leading others to the Saviour he so much loved. Hence he entered thus early into the active duties of a preacher, and hence, when he felt the need of mental discipline and information he bent all the energies not employed in preaching to his studies. In the summer he would often go into the woods with his books, where he was sure of undisturbed seclusion, and in the winter he would retire to the corner of the log cabin. This patient zeal in the pursuit of knowledge has characterized his life ever since. Indomitable perseverance has conquered the obstacles that opposed him, and to a surprising degree overcome the defects of early education. During these first years of his ministry he usually preached six or seven times each week, and occasionally even twice that amount, and withal reading, reading incessantly. He went by the name of the "boy-preacher," youthful as he was in appearance and in reality. His zeal and earnestness naturally brought him into collision with the opposers of religion, and the partizans of other sects. He became involved in many a smart theological skirmish, which, while it quickened his mind and developed his powers, pressed more and more upon his attention the necessity of a thorough training, and stimulated him on in his course of study. Such was his progress that before he had preached a year, he was consulted by other ministers on matters of information and criticism.

In 1817 he was removed to the Courtland Circuit, within the limits of which now stands the Cazenovia Seminary. At this time it was that he exerted himself in the purchase of the building which was afterwards appropriated to that institution. It was during this year that his great exertions and some imprudence in speaking induced a disease of the lungs, and for a while his life was despaired of, but from this attack he entirely recovered.

In 1818 he was transferred to the Wyoming Circuit, on the Susquehannah, the place rendered immortal by the genius of Campbell, no less than by the terrible Indian massacre that depopulated its fair valley.

"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming!

Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall

And roofless houses, a sad remembrance bring

Of what thy gentle people did befall:

Yet those wert once the loveliest land of all

That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.

Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall.

And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore.

Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore?"

That year he was married to Miss Myers, whose mother was one of the sufferers in the Indian invasion. She was in Fort Forty when it was captured, being then sixteen years of age. A minute description of this occurrence may be found in Col. Stone's History of Wyoming.

In 1819 he entered on the Bridgewater Circuit in Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania. This part of the country was newly settled. Only one good road was constructed throughout the county. The people were poverty stricken, and Mr. Peck received, during the whole year, only fifty-six dollars for his salary, of which only about one-half was paid in money. The generosity of friends supplied what was lacking for the support of life. This was a life of hardship, and yet let no one suppose it was an unhappy life. It is not loaded tables, and equipages, and mahogany, and silk, and damask that can create happiness. It is the self-denying toil for other's good, the love, tender and strong, for our brother man that awakens in the soul a deep and abiding joy which poverty cannot starve, nor persecution destroy.

In 1821 Mr. Peck was placed at the Saquoit Station, Oneida county, New York. He was still prosecuting his studies with unremitted vigor, and it is well for some of his brethren to be informed that during that year he planned to read commentaries on the whole of the Bible, and he accomplished it by reading Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Historical Books, Dr. Scott's on the Prophecies, and Dr. Coke's on the New Testament. It is enough to make one grow thin and pale to see these huge volumes piled together and imagine the reading of them by course in one year—besides preaching nearly as many sermons as there are days.

In 1822 he removed to Utica, where he spent two years. During this term his reading time was devoted especially to history. Ramsay's Universal History, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Priedeaux's Work on the Connection between the Old and New Testaments, two Histories of England, and several Histories of the United States were perused.

In 1824 he returned to the Susquehannah District, where he was appointed Presiding Elder. In a new country, where the state of society is unsettled, and the ministry uneducated and inexperienced, this post is one of great responsibility and difficulty. It is a mark of unusual confidence that he should have received the appointment so early in life, being now in his twenty-seventh year. He was also elected this year to the General Conference, it being the first year that he was eligible. His district was bounded on the north by Bainbridge, Norwich and Lisle; on the east by the Delaware; on the south by Wilkesbarre, and on the west by Ithaca and Wellsborough.

In 1826 he again took the Wyoming District. It was during this year that Mr. Peck was led to the preparation and publication of his first book, entitled "Universal Salvation Considered and the Eternal Punishment of the Finally Impenitent Established." The circumstances of the case are peculiar. It seems that an Universalist periodical was commenced in the preceding year, at Montrose, entitled "The Candid Examiner." In the

seventh number, the editor gave a challenge to any one who differed in opinion with him on the subject of eternal punishment in the following language:

"We also would say to all our opposers that we are open to conviction, and that the columns of this paper will be gladly granted to their service, should they wish to refute the doctrine of its conductor. If our doctrine is as absurd and as unscriptural as they insinuate, it is their duty to show it. We then say again to our opposers if there is light in you let it shine. Remember that you must answer to your God for your criminality by permitting what you call *our darkness* to *extinguish your light*. Open and fair dealing comports with a good religion—stratagem and intrigue it will spurn out of its presence. Come then, let us reason together."

The editor had previously made similar proposals, and as no one had come forward to take up the glove so manfully cast down, Dr. Peck saw fit to enter the lists himself—and was welcomed in these words:

"We welcome Observer into the columns of the Examiner, and promise him a candid hearing and all due attention. His design in coming forward is laudable, and we hope if our 'bulwarks' are vulnerable, he will bring forward 'engines' powerful enough to 'demolish' them."

The plan was embraced in five short numbers which the editor published promptly, giving replies at the same time. A second series was then commenced by Dr. Peck, in answer to the articles of the editor, which were published until the fifth number—and then discontinued without any statement of the reason—until several weeks had elapsed, when the editor alleged as an excuse the want of room. This means of publication being closed, Dr. Peck gathered his articles together and published them in a book form. We mention this circumstance to illustrate the spirit of the man. He has always been ready to defend what he deemed the truth, wherever and whenever an opportunity was afforded. He has always had a taste for theological controversy. Some may deem this trait a failing rather than a virtue. For our own part we are free to say, that many of the theological controversies of past time have been, in our opinion, exceedingly "doubtful disputations;" nay more, that they have done decided injury.—Those whom the friends of truth would convince have either been strengthened in error, by the very act of defending their own views, or repelled by the very hostility of their opponents. If all the efforts that have been expended in denouncing error had been used in disseminating the truth, we doubt not the world would have been far better than it is. Still there seems to some a necessity for direct assault, and we would not condemn them, *provided* they battle with the right spirit. If they are calm, temperate, fair, honest, candid; ready to see the truth on whichever side it may lie; descending to no petty artifices or contemptible quibbles; being as noble in their defence of truth as the nobleness of truth demands, we will not condemn them. Nay, we will honor them, for

being noble, and generous, and honest, when temptation is so strong to meanness, and bigotry, and sophistry. We can say that the subject of this sketch has been in general, and we think we can say without exception, of that spirit and behavior which we demand, as the only right one, in a Christian controversialist. We have always been impressed with the good temper and candor manifested in his controversial writings. He has indulged in severity at times, but perhaps not in excessive severity.

In 1827 Dr. Peck was stationed at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and in 1828 at Ithaca, New York, where he remained two years, and during this time vigorously prosecuted the study of metaphysics and history.

In 1830 he was again stationed at Utica. A new church had just been built. Good progress had been made since he was last there. But in the spring of 1831 he was obliged to leave on account of the utter failure of his health. His labors had been excessive. There had been great interest in religion, and he had preached almost every day for a long time. Nearly one hundred persons were supposed to have become true servants of God at that time. During the summer he travelled, and so far recruited that, at the Conference held in July, he was able to be appointed to the Cazenovia Station. This was a field of lighter labor than the one he had left, inasmuch as he could have the assistance of the Principal of the Seminary. There he resumed the study of Greek under the direction of the Professor of Languages, which he had previously undertaken alone. During the fall of 1732 the society erected a stone church at a cost of seven thousand dollars—so much had it advanced since 1817, when he preached to them in a private room.

In the winter of 1832-33 Dr. Peck was invited to the dedication of a new church at Auburn, N. Y. The occasion and the preaching were the means of exciting a wonderful religious interest, which detained him there for three weeks, during which time he preached every evening and twice on the Sabbath. Such was the state of the Society, and so great the interest felt in Dr. Peck, that he was forthwith removed from Cazenovia, and labored in that place for two years. While there, he connected himself with the Theological Seminary in the study of Hebrew. Prof. Mills received him as a friend and brother, and afforded him much valuable assistance, not only by allowing him free access to a valuable private library, but also by familiar and instructive conversation. Here he formed many pleasant friendships, which have never been lost sight of in the lapse of time or the distance of sectarian separation.

Mr. Peck had always directed his studies with a view to good preaching. He had, as yet, no purpose to enter his name among the list of public writers, nor had he a suspicion that such was to be his future lot. But in 1835 he was appointed the Principal of the Cazenovia Seminary, and from this time may be dated the commencement of a new era in his life—the literary era. There he had more time for study, though he still continued to preach twice on the Sabbath, and had charge of the departments of Intellectual and Moral

Philosophy, Hebrew and Rhetoric, and of the government of the institution.

In the winter of 1838-39 he travelled South with his wife, on account of her ill health, and spent the winter in Wheeling. But he was not idle. He took charge of a school, and preached nearly every other evening. The hospitality of the inhabitants of Wheeling is widely known, and Dr. Peck was blessed with personal experience of its generosity. In the spring of 39 he continued his journey to Nashville, St. Louis, and the Rock River country, returning home by the Ohio to Wyoming. In the summer he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Susquehanna District, over which he travelled one year.

In the spring of 1840 he was appointed by the General Conference first editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review. This post he held until 1848, when he was transferred to the editorship of the Methodist Advocate and Journal, where he is at present busily employed.

In 1842 Dr. Peck published an elaborate work on "Christian Perfection," of 470 octavo pages, in which the doctrine is stated and defended, and a critical and historical examination of the controversy on this subject, both in early and later times is appended. In its historical portion it presents the views entertained by Clement, Ignatius, Irenaeus, Wickliffe, Erasmus, Cudworth and many others. It is a very popular work among Methodists. In 1845 an abridgement of it was published for popular circulation. The larger work is a text book in the course of ministerial study. In 1844 Dr. Peck published a work entitled, "Appeal from Tradition to Scripture and Common Sense, or an Answer to the Question, What Constitutes the Divine Rule of Faith and Practice?" The preparation of this work cost the author a great expenditure of thought and research; but the value of the work fully repays the labor. This is also a theological text book.

In addition to these volumes, Dr. Peck has published a number of religious essays in Periodicals issued by the Methodist Denomination. Our limits will allow us to do little more than to give their titles.

In the 2nd number of the Methodist Quarterly Review, for 1842, there appears an essay on the "Oxford Controversy," which at that time, and still continues to excite the deep interest of all denominations. This essay presents at length the state of the controversy, the grounds of the discussion, and the course which evangelical denominations expect the Episcopal Church of America to adopt. This year Dr. Peck also published a Review of Jackson's Life of Wesley, in which he presents an able criticism of the literary and religious character of the founder of the Methodist denomination.

In the Quarterly Review for 1843, three articles appear. The first is on the "Rights of Conscience." It is a caustic review of a speech delivered in the New York State Assembly, advocating the repeal of the statute which denies to Atheists the right to take an oath in a Court of Justice. The article consists for the most part of a series of well-aimed and destructive broadsides on the principle, or lack of principle, of the speech,

while, at the same time, the true doctrine of religious toleration and the rights of conscience are clearly set forth, and the great fact that government is based on the acknowledgment of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe distinctly and forcibly announced. The second article, entitled "Rule of Faith," is the bud which finally developed into the well ordered blossom already noticed.

In the "Review," for 1844, is a criticism on a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Kip, Episcopal clergyman of Albany, on "The Double Witness of the Church," in which the author sets forth "the reasons why we are Churchmen." Dr. Peck in his article presents, on the other hand, "the reasons why we are not and ought not to be Churchmen." In his argument he evinces faithful research and laborious study of ecclesiastical history. This is followed by an essay on "The Church," in which the Doctor closely analyzes the claims of the English Church to the possession of all the rightly ordained clergy. In the "Quarterly," for 1845, is another article of much the same import, being a review of the published discussion between Drs. Wainwright and Potts, which, at that time, excited such a good degree of interest. It evinces a laborious research among the writings of the "Fathers"—which some persons think are so very dry, like the bones of Ezekiel's vision, that an individual who picks his way through them and gathers any good ought to have a Doctorate given him as a reward for his Herculean labors. Whoever wishes to know the opinions of the early Christians on the Millennium and the second advent of Christ, can have their curiosity gratified by a perusal of this essay.

In the same year Dr. Peck published a powerful and spirited article on Orestes A. Brownson and his *Quarterly*. Brownson came out in his January number with a sweeping defence of the infallibility of the Romish Church, and a right-and-left assault on Methodists, Presbyterians, &c., which Dr. Peck pays back in right good earnest.

In August, 1846, Dr. Peck visited England as a delegate from a large number of the Methodist Churches in this country to "The Evangelical Alliance," which held its distinguished meetings in London. During the sittings he made an excellent speech, a full report of which we have seen, and from which the want of room alone prevents us making an extract. It was delivered to a Resolution, which enjoins upon all the members of the Alliance, who may be connected with the Press, to carry out the principles of Christian Union, Charity, and Politeness in their writings—and is pervaded with an excellent spirit, which well sets forth the generous temper of the man.

However exposed to the charge of incompleteness this sketch may be at the best, it will certainly deserve it, if we fail to allude to the course of Dr. Peck on the subject of slavery in connection with the Methodist Church. Every one is aware that, in 1844, the discussion of the subject came up in the General Conference, in a shape which resulted in the division of the Church, by a line for the most part coincident with "Mason and Dixon's"—the Northern portion retaining the name of "The Methodist Episcopal Church," and the Southern portion adopting the one of "The

Methodist Episcopal Church, South." Into the merits of the case itself we are not called upon to enter, but simply notice the action of Dr. Peck. Of the "General Conference" of 1844 he was a member, and bore an important part in its proceedings. The case of Bishop Andrew came up. He was charged with the holding of slaves. He acknowledged the charge, and gave the circumstances which led to it. After much discussion a majority of the Conference voted that Bishop Andrew "desist from the exercise of his office so long as this impediment (of slavery) remains."

This vote was followed by a "Protest" from Dr. Bascom, of Kentucky, in the name of the minority. A committee of three were appointed to draw up a "Reply" to this Protest, of which Dr. Peck was a member. Not long after the meeting, Dr. Peck published a pamphlet of 140 pages, the title of which, giving a fair view of its purport, is as follows: "Slavery and the Episcopacy; being an Examination of Dr. Bascom's Review of the Reply of the Majority to the Protest of the Minority of the late General Conference of the M. E. Church, in the Case of Bishop Andrew." This Conference demands our mention also as being the occasion when Dr. Peck was a prominent candidate for the office of Bishop, and we think that the Southern brethren will acknowledge, in view of the facts of that election, that the result would have been different had not Dr. Peck borne the part he did on the Slavery Question.

Thus have we presented the leading facts of the life of Dr. Peck up to the present time. We trust that some future biographer will have many an additional year to note, which, like the past, will abound in good works, and rich experiences. It is a good work to arouse a denomination to educational advance. It is a good work to prepare elaborate volumes which are worthy of adoption in the list of theological text books. It is a good work to edit a *Quarterly* for eight years, and to publish many an important essay. It is a good work to preside over a prosperous seminary. But in the accomplishment of all these, it must not be forgotten that the doer has been preaching uninterruptedly for thirty-three years, and has delivered, during that time, at a moderate calculation, not less than 6,000 sermons.

Ye who rise early and toil late to hoard up gold which ye spend in building a sumptuous dwelling, where ye live for yourselves and die with no breath of gratitude to waft your spirits up to Heaven—ye who struggle, and manœuvre, and electioneer, sacrificing principle and peace to win earthly power, which ye use for your own higher elevation, and never to benefit the people who exalted you—ye who live in lazy indolence, consuming the harvests your soft hands have neither sown or reaped—as ye consider the life which has here been sketched, the summer serenity of its declining, and the joyful memories and heavenly hopes of its possessor, well may ye, in loathing of your own positive transgression and fearful omission of the demands of duty, envy the hardships, and poverty, and lowliness, and toil, and reward of the self-sacrificing, man-loving, God-fearing Methodist minister, who has in this world trials and labor, but "in the world to come life everlasting."

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Los Gringos. An Inside View of Mexico and California, with wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia. By Lieutenant Wise, U. S. N. Baker and Scribner. New York.

We must confess to a surfeit of waggish and rollicking books; but there appears to be no end of them. Everybody who writes now-a-days adopts the pantagruellian style, and treats all the affairs of life as though human existence were a farce and the universe itself nothing but a joke. Travelers, who were once as grave and didactic as doctors of divinity, now all write in the quizzical vein; and a new book of adventures is but a new edition of Joe Miller. The author of Eothen was the most successful of the whole tribe of rollicking travellers, who set out on rantipole expeditions for no other purpose than to find laughable incidents to write about. Lieutenant Wise is by no means the least amusing of the brood, but he is the lightest hearted, most jocose and care-for-naught. His record of adventures from beginning to end is but a succession of drinking, dancing, singing, laughing, fighting, fishing, picnicing, and love-making. He cares for nothing in the world nor for nobody; and makes as light of a funeral as a wedding, and treats the gravest disasters as though they were capital jokes: for instance, one of the most horrid incidents ever recorded of humanity, is thus trippingly and lightly narrated by our merry Lieutenant:

"From an officer of the navy in charge of the expedition, and from one of the survivors, a Spanish boy, named Baptiste, I learned the following particulars: The number of emigrants were originally eighty; through a culpable combination of ignorance and folly, they loitered many weeks on the route; when, upon gaining the sierra, the snows set in, the trail became blocked up and impassable, and they were obliged to encamp for the winter; their provisions were shortly exhausted, their cattle were devoured to the last horse's hide, hunger came upon them, gaunt and terrible, starvation at last—men, women and children starved to death, and were eaten by their fellows—insanity followed. When relief arrived, the survivors were found rolling in filth, parents eating their own offspring, denizens of different cabins exchanging limbs and meat—little children tearing and devouring the livers and hearts of the dead, and a general apathy and mania pervaded all alike, so as to make them scout the idea of leaving their property in the mountains before the spring, even to save their miserable lives; and on separating those who were able to bear the fatigue of travelling, the cursings and ravings of the remainder were monstrous. One Dutchman actually ate a full-grown body in thirty-six hours! another boiled and devoured a girl nine years old, in a single night. The women held on to life with greater tenacity than the men—in fact, the first intelligence was brought to Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento, by two young girls. One of them feasted on her good papa, but on making scup of her lover's head, she confessed to some inward qualms of conscience. The young Spaniard, Baptiste, was hero of the party, performing all labor and drudgery in getting fuel and water, until his strength became exhausted; he told me that he ate Jake Donner and the baby, 'eat baby raw, stewed some of Jake, and roasted his head, not good meat, taste like sheep with the rot; but, sir, very hungry, eat anything.'—these were his very words. There were thirty survivors, and a number of them without feet, either frozen or burnt off, who were placed under the care of our surgeons on shore. Although nothing has ever happened more truly dreadful, and in many respects ludicrously so, yet what was surprising, the emigrants themselves perceived nothing very extraordinary in all these cannibalisms, but seemed to regard it as an every day occurrence—surely they were deranged."

But our author gives us the key to his character in the first page of his book, so that we may not be surprised at anything that follows. He says:

"I take more delight in seeing a child skip the rope, a monkey at his tricks, or a fish jump out of water, than all the palaces or churches on earth, and I had much rather

chat an hour with a pert dame *de comptoir*, than dine with Senor Bulnes—nor were my spirits affected by learning the vast amount of copper exported, or the quantity of tea and tobacco smuggled; neither dispensations reduced the price of billiards, or induced laundry women to lave linen a whit the whiter; thus the truth being apparent that I am an indifferent worldly person, I make the merit of my necessities, in striving to live the space allotted me in the world, and not for it."

But the Lieutenant is much better than he pretends to be. If he did not care more for himself and others than he pretends, he would not have been at the pains of writing so long and particular an account of what he saw, and heard, and felt in his two years cruise; neither would he have been at the pains to have his book brought out in such a luxurious and enjoyable form. In spite of the apparently trifling and jocose character of the work, it contains a great amount of interesting information respecting a part of the world about which everybody is anxious to learn something; and the whole narrative is written in so lively a vein, and so abounds in good nature, that even when the incidents narrated are nothing in themselves, the manner of the author compensates for the matter, and keeps the interest of the reader always awake. The title of the book, *Los Gringos*, is the term which the South American Spaniards apply to the foreign adventurers who come among them to make their fortunes. It is not difficult to find extractable chapters in the book, but the following will afford a good idea of the author's manner and matter:

"Being charged with dispatches for San Francisco, an early breakfast and hasty preparations soon placed me astride a dragoon's saddle. Attended by an artillery soldier and six horses for escort and cavallada, I drove a sombrero hard on my head, the spur yet harder in the ribs of my cavallo, and away we sallied en route. The sun had passed the meridian when we reached the Salinas plains, and we stopped to change horses at the Molino—a simple performance for one who can swing the lasso at any time, but for those unacquainted with the mode, it is requisite to drive the beasts into the corral, near every rancho, and catch one at leisure. I found my friend Anderson as hospitable and convivial as ever, and, after a mutual exchange of greetings and drinks, we galloped off across the plains. Instead of the smiling grassy deserts, gaudy flowers, and narrow canals of spring, I beheld parched earth, large patches of wild mustard, and miles of wild oats. Before accomplishing many leagues, one of the best little beasts of the cavallada eluded the vigilance of my body-guard, and we were compelled to abandon him. However, I made a forcible loan of a black mare brousing by the road side—according to the custom of the country—and which, indeed, proved an admirable ally towards the close of our journey. Before entering the gorge that leads over the mountains on the opposite side of the Salinas, we halted at a rancho—and peeping in at the door of an out-building, I discovered two industrious persons playing cards with much interest and deliberation—there was no cash up, but they assured me that each bean before them, which marked the game, was a transferable I O U for a bullock. One of the party was brother to the last Mexican governor of the territory—who absconded to Mazatlan, after showing a feeble and futile resistance to Commodore Stockton. He appeared somewhat pleased by the information I was able to communicate from his relative, Don Jose Castro, but not sufficiently so to interrupt the constant interchange of beans between him and his grave companion. We commenced ascending the pass that bars the road to the valley of St. Johns, and after winding a couple of hours slowly among the hills, gained the topmost ridge—which commands a fine triangular view of the rich slopes and plains below—and then soon accomplished the descent—passing the ruined village and dilapidated mission of San Juan, we galloped briskly around. On the road I enticed a mounted Indian into service by a taste from the brandy bottle, to act as *vacuero*—by no means a sinecure birth with such a lazy perverse set of brutes as we possessed—but I was grieved to find the soldier, sent as my guide and defender, had more than

he was equal to in keeping himself and musket in the saddle. Moreover, he was neither amiable nor companionable—a serious crime for a traveller—and I was obliged at times to drive and catch the horses, talk for him, and, in fact, do all but eat and sleep for him—which last accomplishments he enjoyed in perfection, having a constitution like refined steel. I am happy to add, out of regard for the army, that he deserted shortly afterwards; although he forgot in his hurry to return a silver cup of mine.

"Skirting along the banks of a rapid stream, the shades of night began to fall as we drew bridles at a small rancho of one Don Herman. Our host, as usual with the race, was making a slight repast on a paper cigar: he was very cordial, and good-looking, as was also his still handsome old sposa. Like everybody I encountered before and since in the interior, they inquired when the United States Government would pay for horses and cattle taken during the war.—*Quien sabe*—who knows—always came to my aid, and I drew it out much to the purpose. Indeed, though our Californian Volunteers be good men and true among their own kith and kindred, yet their mistaken ideas of what constituted civilized warfare made them the most unscrupulous of freebooters; and they could be tracked far and near in their thirst for their enemy's horses and asses.

"My host had no children, but, like Spanish padres, lots of nephews and nieces. Amid a detached group of young people, I observed a pretty little girl, as I at first supposed a child, nursing an infant, but on inquiry I learned that she was the mother at fourteen, and had been married two years and a half: a fact which beats East India jungles for the precocity of women. Again on the road, with the husband of the little baby-mother for guide—who, by the way, was a most consummate scamp, incessantly urging me to make a short detour of five or six leagues, to dance all night at a fandango; and on taxing him with his gallivanting, and inconstant disposition among the softer sex, he replied, with an air of triumph—*O jo, he engarnado muchas!*—Bless you, I've broken the hearts of dozens—although he did not inspire me with being so determined a Lothario as he himself believed.

"On we spurred, and urged the jaded steeds some leagues further, when we came upon the rancho of Carlos Castro. I was half famished from a long day's fast, but there was neither bread nor edible matter in the hut. At last the buxom mistress asked me, *Quiere huevos?*—have an egg:—*caramba! si amiga!*—Why did not you tell me of this before? She was good enough to boil exactly fourteen, hard as bullets, but, what is equally incredible, I ate them all without salt; and then being in good humor with all the world, threw a peso in the kind Senora's lap, and with a lively adios, turned our horses' heads again towards the north star. The moon was riding high, round, and gleaming as the silver dollar I had just thrown the good lady, flooding the whole lovely plain, with its waving fields of yellow oats, and magnificent clusters of oaks, in one continuous vista of unexampled beauty. Five leagues beyond we struck off to the right, and after losing our path repeatedly, amid beds of water-courses, and bolts of trees, and when I was on the point of giving orders for a night bivouac on the sweet and yielding grain, we became aware of our proximity to a habitation by the usual barking diapason of half an hundred dogs and curs, and I was not sorry to swing my weary limbs from the saddle after a hard ride of eighty miles. In a few minutes I was stretched beside the proprietor of the rancho, Mr. Murphy, and as kind a specimen of the true Milesian as ever took leave of the Hill of Hoath. I knew that by the kindly tone of his voice; but I fell sound asleep, giving the old gentleman an account of the battle of Cerro Gordo, and never moved until long after sunrise. On awaking, I found myself in a dwelling constructed of pickets, driven perpendicularly into the ground, the apertures filled in with mud, and all covered by a roughly-thatched roof. The enclosure was rather a primitive, and I should judge temporary affair, to serve the first year or two of an emigrant's home. The dwelling was large enough, however, to comprise capacious beds in three of its angles, a couple of tables, dresser, chairs, and a variety of useful articles scattered around the earth floor, but all presenting a far neater appearance than usually characterized the ranchos of the country. I was not left long to conjecture the cause of this tidiness, for whilst lacing my mocassins, preparatory to a yawn and shake, by way of toilette, I was saluted by a very nice young woman, with the hope that I had slept well, and at the same time presented with a large bowl of water and clean towel, by the young lady herself, who was afterwards introduced to me by her good father, as his daughter Ellen. She was tall and well made, a very pleasing face, lighted by fine dark grey eyes, black hair, and beautifully white teeth. I learned from her own rosy lips that she was the first American girl that ever walked over the mighty barrier of the Californian sierras, which

she accomplished with one of her brothers, leaving the wagons, and her friends, to follow on a longer route. They were a large family, and most of the children born in Canada; thence locating in Missouri, and so on to the farthest west in California. There were four stalwart sons, who had all more or less been engaged in the last troubles, and had shown the natives a choice mould of bullets from their unerring rifles. They treated me with the utmost kindness; and after partaking of a capital breakfast of new eggs, hot bread, cream and *tomo*—tenderloin—prepared by their pretty sister, I felt quite equal to a short tramp among the hills, particularly upon finding the horses well nigh knocked up, and requiring a few hours more rest.

"The rancho was situated on the northern verge of the broad valley, on the borders of a pure sparkling stream, surrounded in every direction, far and near, with golden lakes of wild oats, thickly studded and shaded by the oaks. In company with one of the boys, Dan, we followed up the course of the stream for a mile or more, and I then had the satisfaction of sending a bull through and through the shoulders of a large doe. Dragging the carcass down to the water, and divesting it of its jacket, we then did the same ourselves, and swam and plashed for an hour in the little torrent. At the same time, with an extempore rod, twine, hook, and a 'devil's darning-needle' for bait, Dan pulled out from a limpid pool delightful salmon-trout, full two feet in length; I ate part of one, and a charming fellow he was. Leaving our deer to the varmints, we returned to the rancho at noon, dined, and again boot and saddle; struck the road, and six or eight leisurely leagues brought us to the settlement of Puebla de San Jose. Here I was most civilly received, and entertained by an American gentleman, Mr. Ruckie, to whom I bore a letter. Supper, good old sherry, a cigar, and four hours' sleep; up betimes, and sent the jaded animals on to the Mission of Santa Clara for a bite of grass. I remained to break my fast at the house of an agreeable white-toothed lady named Pico, and then, accompanied by Mr. Ruckie, we hurried along the road which traverses the plain, shaded by noble avenues of oaks and willows. The Mission stands but a league from the Puebla, presents a tolerably flourishing appearance, with a well-preserved church, clusters of out-buildings, and well-cultivated gardens. It is by far the most important and respectable settlement of its kind in this portion of the territory; and since the dispersion of the priests, and confiscation of church-lands, has still fortunately retained a mite of its former wealth and influence. The good Padres, a score or more years ago, were pleased to live well; and their well filled granaries, cultivated grounds, and myriads of horses and cattle—in all praise be it said—were the first to induce the native Indians, who, in brutish ignorance and social degradation, are even now but a remove from beasts of the field, to devote their time to some useful employment. By these means the shrewd Fathers never lacked comfortable houses to shelter them, nor raiment to clothe their sleek skins.

"Tarrying but a few minutes at Santa Clara, and selecting the best horses of the cavallada, I parted with Mr. Ruckie and continued my journey; the first fifteen miles was wearisome labor with our worn-out beasts, and we stopped for breath at a ranchito of a pretty little widow, who did the amiable most refreshingly by handing me a dish of raspberries and cream. Seeing a filthy Indian poke them out of a bottle with a stick, occasionally giving it a suck, did not enhance the flavor of the fruit. A short league beyond, we came to another mud-built rancho, and our horses having apparently determined to proceed no farther, accordingly tumbled down; there were half a dozen women and children about the hut busily employed in cutting beef in long strips for drying; but they continued their occupation without deigning to cast even a glance of sympathy upon our pitiable plight. Indignation getting the better of my misfortunes, I kicked off the spurs and marched bravely up to the mansion; then, after dodging about under long fringes of raw beef, I was suddenly confronted by a stout dame, with a mass of meat clutched in one hand, and a dripping knife long as her arm in the other; this savage apparition rather abashed me, and I timidly inquired how she did? She merely gave a sharp upward jerk to her chin, with an ireful visage—as much as to say, 'I'm in excellent preservation, don't bother yourself'—pointing to my foundered studs, I politely urged the necessity of procuring fresh horses! '*No, Senor! no hay!* the horses are all mares, the mares are wild—there is no one to catch them'—in other words—I'll see you in purgatory first. So I called up a little resolution, though far from feeling it, and letting the butt of my rifle fall heavily to the ground, I said, 'Hark ye, my friend, if you don't speedily furnish me with beasts I'll make a seizure of that fine animal I see saddled in the corral; besides, I'm willing to pay liberally.' At the word 'money' the patrona's features relaxed, *tu no es voluntario*—she remarked!—

por dios! no! mi alma jo soy de la marina, y Catolico tambien!—I'm a sailor and a good Catholic to boot. At this last admission and the sight of a handful of bright pesos, the whole party surrounded me—*ah! tan malicimos son esos malditos voluntarios! ave maria. El oficial no es heretico—es Cristiano, y se ca peger per los cavallos*—ah, what light-fingered gentry were the volunteers; but the gentleman is a Christian, not a heretic, and going to pay like a trimp—they exclaimed. There was still some doubts as to whether I intended to pay in *efectos* or hard tin, and if I could make it convenient to liquidate a few outstanding claims which some of my countrymen had forgotten to adjust; but when satisfied on that point a small boy ran off to drive in the cavallada. Meanwhile the Senora poured me out a cup of agudiente, touched her lips to it, and handed it to me to quaff. The drove of horses was soon brought up, and as a particular favor, the patrona selected her own nag to bear me—a small mare and natural pacer that rattled along at a great rate without whip or spur—embracing the party, we again mounted and started off in fine style. The country has the same lovely aspect as in the vicinity of San Jose; great level plains teeming in wild grain, and wide-spreading foliage of oaks, chesnuts, maple, and willows, enclosed between high swelling hills. In fact the country for more than forty leagues of this broad valley, is so perfectly level that a coach could be driven in any direction without serious obstruction; however, there is one annoyance to which horses are subjected, in the multitudes of holes burrowed by a species of ground squirrels, very frequently bringing horse and rider to their faces. A few leagues rapid travelling brought us in sight of the southern arm of the waters of San Francisco, and skirting along its shores, by sunset we had left the low country, traversed the rugged hills of the sea-girt peninsular, floundered knee deep in the sandy road, and by nightfall I found myself comfortably housed with a generous bachelor friend, Mr. Frank Ward, in Yerbabuena."

Evenings at Woodlawn. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

MRS. ELLET'S title for her new book is a misleader; or, at least, if it gives no false impression of the character of the work to which it is attached it gives no idea of it. The book is made up of translations of German legends and fairy tales, many of which have not before been introduced to English readers. Woodlawn is a *chateau en Espagne* where a domestic circle of good people are entertained by a foreign traveller, who relates each evening for their entertainment, stories which he has heard in the countries visited by him.—This manner of stringing together promiscuous tales is as old as the art of authorship. But it is not the less entertaining for that; on the contrary, the antiquity of the method is the best argument in favor of its use. Mrs. Ellet has only followed a classical model in her manner of connecting her stories together. Although the tales are translations the author has given them almost an original character by her treatment, and they certainly have lost nothing in interest by their transmutation in her mental crucible. The volume is a charming one for a winter's evening, and is well adapted for the entertainment of a social circle. The following extract furnishes a favorable specimen of the quality of *Evenings at Woodlawn*:

THE RED CAP.

"Hans Christoph, the bailiff of a small town in Germany, was in possession (besides the respect and consideration due him in right of office and personal character) of a young wife, whose name was Eva. As often as the worthy bailiff called her by that name, he grumbled that it should belong to her, for it never failed to put him in mind of the nefarious doings of mother Eve, when she circumvented Adam in Paradise. 'What befe! the first man,' he would say to himself, 'may fall to the lot of old Hans Christoph; for if the Eve that took the apple had one devil to help her, my Eva may have ten thousand if she chooses. And will she not choose? Oh, Hans Christoph, it was a foolish thing to marry so young a wife!'

"By the 'ten thousand devils' Hans meant nothing more than the young men, particularly those of gentle blood, ten miles round the neighborhood. For the fact could not be denied, that they came from far and near, on foot and on horseback, to pay their respects to the lovely wife of the

bailiff, or to admire her as they rode or walked past the house. Hans Christoph was not long in finding this out; and the discovery threw him into a transport of rage and jealousy. He would no longer permit Eva to go to the door, nor to leave the house on any pretext; and at last forbade her even looking out of the window.

"Eva was a sweet, innocent, amiable creature, and had always entertained a profound respect for her old husband. But when he showed such unreasonable distrust, and treated her so harshly, her respect, as a matter of course, was reduced to naught; while he continued, day after day, to torment her by his unfounded suspicions. The rebellious spirit in her human nature was roused, until she was at last provoked into wishing for an opportunity to deceive him.

"What a woman seeks to do, she is not long in finding means to accomplish, in spite of all the Argus watching in the world. For many days had the nephew of their landlord, in passing the house, thrown in pitying glances, intended for the pretty victim of tyranny, which looks, caught by stealth, were readily understood. So, one day, when the bailiff was gone to the tavern to examine a thief who had let himself down by the chimney to steal, Master Fritz availed himself of the same means to enter the kitchen of Hans Christoph's house. There Eva received him, and disburdened herself of all her troubles. Whom else had she to complain to? Fritz listened sympathizingly, and said he thought he could help her. He knew of a way to cure the old bailiff of his jealousy. Eva shook her head incredulously. That would be a miracle indeed! But Fritz hoped for the best, and presently unfolded his scheme. Eva laughed heartily at it, and promised her aid to the best of her power.

"In the afternoon of the same day the bailiff was sitting in a very sullen mood, on the stone bench before his door. He was wondering how it happened that his young wife had not wept bitterly, as usual, at his reproaches; and trying to think who had been daring enough to offer her consolation. A slight noise interrupted his reverie, and looking up, he saw an old Polish Jew, in coarse travelling gear, with a knapsack on his shoulders.

"'Anything to buy?' asked the pedlar, in broken German. Hans Christoph made a gesture of repulsion. But the Jew stood his ground.

"'I have very fine things in my knapsack, such as one does not see every day,' he persisted.

"'I want nothing. Get away.'

"'Oh, everybody wants something; and I have everything that heart can wish. Now, if you have e'er a young wife, who gives you trouble, have I not here my Red Cap? So saying, and opening his knapsack, the Jew drew out several things, and, among them, a parcel in a number of wrappings. Taking these off, one after another, he produced a cap of red leather, which he drew on his hand and exhibited to the bailiff.

"'Well; and what is the use of this leather cap, the like of which, or better, I can get in the town anywhere for a couple of groschen?' demanded Hans Christoph.

"The Jew shook his head, and smiled with an air of mystery. 'Oh, yes! you can get plenty of caps,' he cried, 'black, white, grey, yellow, or blue: silver, gold, or diamond caps—for aught I know; but this Red Cap of mine, master, is worth more than all.'

"'Eh, fellow! and how can that be?'

"'Because,' answered the pedlar, solemnly—'because my Red Cap is the true covering for his head, worn by the prophet Elijah, which he dropped on the ground when he went up to heaven in the chariot of fire.'

"'Der Tausend! is that true?' exclaimed the bailiff, with open eyes.

"'And it has this virtue,' continued the Jew, 'that to the one who has on the cap, everybody must tell exactly what he thinks or purposes.'

"'You are not jesting?'

"'And if an old man, who has a young wife, wears the cap, she will always remain true as steel to him, and will regard him as the handsomest man in the world.'

"'Ha! can that be true, pedlar?'

"'Well, master, you can make the trial.'

"'And what is the price of the cap?'

"'Three ducats; neither more nor less.'

"'That is too much, Jew.'

"'Too little, far too little, for such a wonderful cap as this.'

"'I will try it!' Threw with Hans Christoph put on the cap, and then called his wife out of the house. Eva came accordingly. As soon as she saw her husband, she exclaimed, in apparent amazement:

"'Oh, Hans, why have you put on such a strange cap?'

"'It is a cure for the headache,' answered the bailiff. 'I bought it just now of the Jew.'

"Eva digned not to look at the pedlar, but fixing her

eyes more earnestly upon her husband: 'Do you know, dear Hans,' she cried, 'that the cap is wonderfully becoming to you. You are very handsome in it!'

"Indeed!" asked the bailiff. "It is becoming, is it, eh?"
 "You look at least twenty years younger," answered Eva; "and if I had not admired you before, you are certainly now irresistible!"

"The astonishment of Hans Christoph knew no bounds. But there lingered a shadow of doubt at the bottom of his mind. To satisfy it, he took the cap slowly from his head and put it on that of the Jew. Eva turned instantly, as noticing the pedlar for the first time, and exclaimed: 'But how comes this handsome young man here! Do not be angry, Hans, but I must give him a kiss.' Therewith she ran up to the Jew; but Hans Christoph rushed between, snatched the cap from the pedlar's head, and placed it on his own, receiving his wife's embrace. She took no further notice of the Jew.

"It is really wonderful!" muttered the bailiff. "Well, I will never more lay aside the Red Cap, and will take care, moreover, that no one else puts it on. Here, Jew, are your three ducats, and a piece of silver besides, for a treat. Now, pack yourself out of the village, and never let me see you again, or you may chance to be burnt as a conjurer."

"The pedlar took the money, bowed his thanks, and went his way."

"Hans Christoph embraced his wife and promised never to torment her again with his jealousy. She had full liberty thenceforward to sit at the window or the door, as often and as long as she pleased."

The Pilot; A Tale of the Sea, By the Author of The Spy, Pioneers, &c., &c. Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated with a New Introduction, Notes, &c. George P. Putnam. New York. 1849.

MR. COOPER may claim the honor of being the inventor of sea novels—or rather ship-romances, for his sea stories are rather the adventures of ships than of sailors—and, like all other inventors, he has had a host of imitators, not one of whom have equalled their master. Marryatt's sea stories are framed on a wholly different model from that which the genius of our nautical romancer invented. In this new edition of the *Pilot*, which very properly follows the *Spy* in the handsome republication of these national novels, the author gives a history of its production which will doubtless be much more interesting to our readers than anything we could say in respect to a work which has now become a classic. Long Tom Coffin is the one character of Mr. Cooper's sea stories, under various names, as Leather Stockings is his hero of the Prairie and the Backwoods. Long Tom is as well known as any historical personage, but of the other names of the *Pilot* not one is ever alluded to. The author says:

"It is probable a true history of human events would show that a far larger proportion of our acts are the result of sudden impulses and accident, than of that reason of which we so much boast. However true, or false, this opinion may be in more important matters, it is certainly and strictly correct as relates to the conception and execution of this book."

"The *Pilot* was published in 1823. This was not long after the appearance of 'The Pirate,' a work which it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, has a direct connection with the sea. In a conversation with a friend, a man of polished taste and extensive reading, the authorship of the Scottish novels came under discussion. The claims of Sir Walter were a little distrusted, on account of the peculiar and minute information that the romances were then very generally thought to display. The *Pirate* was cited as a very marked instance of this universal knowledge, and it was wondered where a man of Scott's habits and associations could have become so familiar with the sea. The writer had frequently observed that there was much looseness in this universal knowledge, and that the secret of its success was to be traced to the power of creating that *traisemblance*, which is so remarkably exhibited in those world-renowned fictions, rather than to any very accurate information on the part of their author. It would have been hypercritical to object to the *Pirate*, that it was not strictly nautical, or true in its details; but, when the reverse was urged as a proof of what, considering the character of other

portions of the work, would have been most extraordinary attainments, it was a sort of provocation to dispute the seamanship of the *Pirate*, a quality to which the book has certainly very little just pretension. The result of this conversation was a sudden determination to produce a work which, if it had no other merit, might present truer pictures of the ocean and ships than any that are to be found in the *Pirate*. To this unpremeditated decision, purely an impulse, is not only the *Pilot* due, but a tolerably numerous school of nautical romances that have succeeded it."

"The author had many misgivings concerning the success of the undertaking, after he had made some progress in the work; the opinions of his different friends being anything but encouraging. One would declare that the sea could not be made interesting; that it was tame, monotonous, and without any other movement than unpleasant storms, and that, for his part, the less he got of it the better. The women very generally protested that such a book would have the odour of bilge-water, and that it would give them the *maladie de mer*. Not a single individual among all those who discussed the merits of the project, within the range of the author's knowledge, either spoke, or looked, encouragingly. It is probable that all these persons anticipated a signal failure."

"So very discouraging did these ominous opinions get to be, that the writer was, once or twice, tempted to throw his manuscripts aside, and turn to something new. A favorable opinion, however, coming from a very unexpected quarter, put a new face on the matter, and raised new hopes. Among the intimate friends of the writer, was an Englishman, who possessed most of the peculiar qualities of the educated of his country. He was learned even, had a taste that was so just as always to command respect, but was prejudiced, and particularly so in all that related to this country and its literature. He could never be persuaded to admire Bryant's *Water-Fowl*, and this mainly because if it were accepted as good poetry, it must be placed at once amongst the finest fugitive pieces of the language. Of the *Thanatopsis* he thought better, though inclined to suspect it of being a plagiarism. To the tender mercies of this one-sided critic, who had never affected to compliment the previous works of the author, the sheets of a volume of the *Pilot* were committed, with scarce an expectation of his liking them. The reverse proved to be the case;—he expressed himself highly gratified, and predicted a success for the book which it probably never attained."

"Thus encouraged, one more experiment was made, a seaman being selected for the critic. A kinsman, a namesake, and an old messmate of the author, one now in command on a foreign station, was chosen, and a considerable portion of the first volume was read to him. There is no wish to conceal the satisfaction with which the effect on this listener was observed. He treated the whole matter as fact, and his criticisms were strictly professional, and perfectly just. But the interest he betrayed could not be mistaken. It gave a perfect and most gratifying assurance that the work would be more likely to find favor with nautical men, than with any other class of readers."

"The *Pilot* could scarcely be a favorite with females.—The story has little interest for them, nor was it much heeded by the author of the book, in the progress of his labors. His aim was to illustrate vessels and the ocean, rather than to draw any pictures of sentiment and love. In this last respect, the book has small claims on the reader's attention, though it is hoped that the story has sufficient interest to relieve the more strictly nautical features of the work."

"It would be affectation to deny that the *Pilot* met with a most unlooked-for success. The novelty of the design probably contributed a large share of this result. Sea tales came into vogue, as a consequence; and, as every practical part of knowledge has its uses, something has been gained by letting the landsman into the secrets of the seaman's manner of life. Perhaps, in some small degree, an interest has been awakened in behalf of a very numerous, and what has hitherto been a sort of proscribed class of men, that may directly tend to a melioration of their condition."

The Old World; or, Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By William Furniss. Appleton & Co. 1849.

WE regret that we have but a little corner left into which we must crowd a brief notice of this very pleasant book of travel. It contains nothing new but the author's fresh remarks on well-known scenes, and his piquant sketches with his pencil, of which there are not enough to satisfy the appetite created by what he has given.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



E have often wondered at the sombre tone which pervades Bryant's beautiful poem on autumn. At a season of the year when there is greatest cause for a hearty and

genial look at the earth, he appears to have been smitten with a sentiment as blue as ultra-marine. The "melancholy days," as he oddly calls the richest season of the year when the earth appears most glorious, are fast passing away, and the bracing airs of winter are beginning to be felt. It is odd enough that Bryant, who is so genial a lover of nature and so minute an observer of her external expressions, should ever have sung of this bright and purple month:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Surely there is no sadness in the gorgeous month of October, which Englishmen call "brown;" for the harvest month does not, with us, don a robe of russet; but, like Joseph, it puts on a coat of many colors, and flaunts under a blue sky in all the grandeur of purple, and orange, and crimson tints. November is the month of all the year, in this latitude, for enjoyment in the country; yet Fashion, that has to obey a master more powerful than herself, compels our city people to quit their country retreats and return to town, just as the country becomes enticing, when there is no danger of fevers, and nothing to fear from mosquitoes. Business before pleasure, is the compulsory motto of business men, who form our aristocracy; and, as they must return to town to make hay while the sun shines, that is, to sell goods while their customers are in town and the canals are open, the country is deserted in October by all but those who remain there to furnish food for us who dwell under the shadows of brick houses, and ride in omnibuses.

They manage matters better in England. There the upper crust of society transfers itself to the heaths, from the artificialities of the city. By the first of September all the fashion and aristocracy of England quit London and go off to the country, to shoot; to fish; to hunt; to dwell by the seaside; to climb mountains; to roam through forests; to enjoy nature and gain new life by healthful exercises and rural pleasures.

What is there sad in November? The crysanthemums and dahlias are out in their glory; the forest trees are as gay as a rainbow; the air is bright, crisp and invigorating; there are corn huskings in the barns of farmers; boys go out into the woods nutting; apples are gathered in; cider is made and drank; fires are kindled; parties and balls are given; business is brisk in town and country, and everywhere there is bustle, bustle, bustle! The leaves fall, in October, it is true; but there is nothing sad or melancholy in that, any more than there is in putting off an old dress to put on a new one; if the leaves fall, it must not be forgotten that they enrich the soil and protect the roots of the trees that bore them; if they did not fall there would be no green buds and

white blossoms in the Spring. October and November are bright, jolly and enjoyable months; the most so of any in the year. "There is nothing so bright as a day in June," except a day in October. November, which will be over and gone, and all its brightness, glories, and gaieties, melted into the dread and solemn past, before these lines shall be read, has been a month of greater activity than we have known before. Coming after the sad Summer, when a destroying pestilence benumbed the energies of the people, and caused the ordinary pleasures and recreations of society to be neglected, the month has been a kind of carnival; and those who escaped unhurt have been revenging themselves on the cholera, by taking a double portion of enjoyment. New York has never before been so gay, nor more prosperous in all its various trades, and employments of capital and labor, and the stranger, as he passes through its crowded thoroughfares, sees nothing to remind him of the comparative desolation which the epidemic of the past Summer occasioned.

The prominent topic of conversation in literary circles, during the past month, has been the death of that melancholy man Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Poe left his home, in Westchester County, in this State, early in the Summer on a visit to the South, and we were told at the time that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clem, who was his sole companion, had no expectations of ever again seeing him return. He arranged all his papers so that they could be used without difficulty in case of his death, and told her that if he never came back she would find that he had left everything in order. But there was no cause to apprehend that the termination of his career was so close at hand. He went to Richmond where he delivered a series of lectures and was well received by his old friends; he renewed his attachment to a wealthy widow in that city, whom he had known before his or her marriage, and was on his way home to make arrangements for his marriage to her, when he had a relapse of his besetting infirmities in Baltimore, and died miserably.

A biography of Mr. Poe is soon to be published with his collected writings, under the supervision of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold; but it will be a long while, if ever, before the naked character of the sad poet will be exposed to public gaze. There is a generous disposition on the part of those who knew him intimately, to bury his failings, or rather personal characteristics, in the shade of forgetfulness; while nothing is dwelt upon but his literary productions. He was a psychological phenomenon, and more good than harm would result from a clear, unprejudiced analysis of his character. But when will any one be found bold enough to incur the risk of an imputation of evil motives, by making such a revelation as the task demands? Like all other writers, Mr. Poe developed himself in his literary productions, but to understand his writings it was necessary to be possessed of the key of his personal acquaintance. Knowing him thoroughly, you could thoroughly comprehend what he wrote, but not otherwise. He was an intellectual machine without a balance wheel; and all his poetry, which seems perfect in itself, and full of feeling, was mere machine work. It was not that spontaneous outgushing of sentiment, which the verse of great poets seems to be, but a carefully constructed mosaic, painfully elaborated, and designedly put together, with every little word in its right place, and every shade of thought toned down to its exact position. There is nothing of the "fine frenzy" about it, which marks the poetry of those who warble their native wood notes wild.—

His last poem, the Bells, is a curious example of his way of jingling words to make them sound like music:

"Bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bella."

This was the burden of the song. Yet, ever and anon, in this strange jingling and clanging of words, there struck upon the ear sounds of a real sadness, which touched the heart and produced the feeling caused by the strain of the true poet. But, was not Poe a true poet? That remains for the world to decide. If he was a poet, he cannot be deprived by criticism of his rightful fame. His merits as a critic were very slender, he was a minute detector of slips of the pen, and, probably, was unequalled as a proof reader. But such was his sensitiveness to small imperfections, that it incapacitated him from taking a comprehensive or liberal survey of a literary subject. He was of the Doctor Blair school of critics, and while measuring the lines of a poem was indifferent to their meaning. One of the strange points of his strange nature was to entertain a spirit of revenge towards all who did him a service. His pecuniary difficulties often compelled him to solicit aid, and he rarely, or never, failed to malign those who befriended him. It was probably this strange propensity which caused him to quarrel with his early benefactor, and forfeit the aid which he might have received from that quarter. He was altogether a strange and a fearful being, and a true history of his life would be more startling than any of the grotesque romances which he was so fond of inventing.

As we were writing these lines we were visited by a stranger whose countenance bore a most remarkable resemblance to that of Mr. Poe; this resemblance was very striking in the upper part of the head. But he was much taller and had a ruddier, healthier look than Mr. Poe had. He proved to be a poet, recently arrived in this country from Ireland. Mr. William Pembroke Mulchinock, who may, ere this reaches our readers, have made himself known to them through some other medium. Here is a specimen of his quality now published for the first time; the lines were read by Professor Longfellow and highly commended by him.

"WORKERS AND TOILERS."

BY WILLIAM F. MULCHINOCK.

HURRA! hurra! for the spider gay
Who wakes with the rising sun,
To toil 'till night, with the pale moon's light,
Proclaims that his day's work's done;
Though a year may flee ere his keen eye see,
This work to a close draw nigh,
Still he weaves the woof of his cobweb roof—
His snare for the buzzing fly.
Then hurra, hurra for the spider gay,
The spinner in hut and hall,
The preacher grave to the sleeping slave
That will not a working fall.
For the worm, hurra! when he makes essay
To climb up a lofty wall,
Who knows no fear though his slow career
Is checked by many a fall;
On the wall again, with toil and with pain,
His crawling form he'll cast,
Boldly to climb for a weary time
'Till its top be gain'd at last.
Hurra! for the worm of the crawling form,
Who preaches to man's dull race—
"He that would climb to a height sublime
Should not grow faint at the base."

For the wing, hurra! that night and day
The bold bird of passage plies,
When he speeds afar o'er the tempest's war,
And the gloom of the wintry skies;
On, on, and away, o'er the ocean spray,
O'er many a league of land,
He speeds his flight with a pinion light
To a lone and distant strand.
For the bird, hurra! who flees far away
'Neath the vault of the Heaven's blue,
Would that the soul of man to its goal
Would speed with a flight as true.

THE ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.—It appears that the custom of publishing significant cuts at the head of advertisements in newspapers, is an American invention. A correspondent in Pennsylvania sends us the following communication in reference to this curious matter, which is well worthy the attention of our Historical Society:

MR. EDITOR: The following historical scrap I have translated from the works of Justus Mooser, a German writer of some eminence. I cannot inform you *when* the article was written; the author was born in 1720, and died in 1794; but so much we can gather from it, that the choice pictures of horses, and cows, and houses, and trees, and what not, which adorn our newspapers, owe their origin to the inventive ingenuity of Yankeedom. The invention is worthy of a Franklin, and who would undertake to clear that great American sage from the charge of being at the bottom of the mischief, or at least accessory to it? It is just like him! Ye wise men of the Pennsylvania and the New York Historical Societies, unfold your ancient rolls of parchment, and your musty volumes, and your mysterious-looking manuscripts—open them, read and search them, and examine into the matter. Give us more light on the subject, and let us hear your infallible conclusions. H. J. B.

SOMETHING FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF NEWSPAPERS.—One must always learn, even though it should be from the savages. It is true that the German colonists, who reside in America, cannot be enumerated among savages; yet a European generally supposes that he has no need of taking lessons from them. But this time we shall send him hither to learn to improve the European newspapers after the American fashion.

The 'Germantown Zeitung,' &c., published at Germantown, by Christopher Sauer,, has this excellence, that a small wood cut immediately proceeds the first letter of each advertisement.

For instance: when there is an inquiry after a lost or runaway horse, the article is preceded by the figure of a horse with the head turned to the outside. If the article treats of a horse that was taken up, or came to the place, the head of the figure is turned towards the advertisement. If a horse was stolen, a man will sit upon it, who rides it away; and if any other theft is advertised, a man carrying a bundle will be in the van. Before recitation against a runaway wife, there is a lady in a traveling-dress; and a savage with a club, denotes that the article gives notice of a lost or runaway man. If there is a house to be sold, a house will be set down in advance, and a farm when that is for sale.

In this manner all headings, which we in Europe use, are dispensed with in American newspapers, and thereby much room is saved, and the readers are enabled to receive, at a single glance, an idea of the contents of the paper, by looking at the oxen, horses, houses, battles, medicine-vials, and other similar figures. These figures are scarcely any

larger and better than those which are usually placed upon the last table of our common A B C books. But they are distinct and characteristic, and easily understood.

"Does not this custom deserve to be adopted with us? I think so. But could we invent such significant figures for our articles? Well, this depends on a trial, and we shall immediately make an attempt towards it.

"The greatest part of our advertisements consist of invitations to creditors, who are to appear, hear, and see, and receive nothing. These, when they contain nothing particular, could be announced by a large cipher, wherein a bell would be suspended. If the creditors were called to give their consent to a suspension, the article might be preceded by two rods, laid cross-wise upon each other, one for the debtor and the other for the creditor, for both are generally chastised by it. A debtor who *cedes bonis*, could best make himself known by a tree with birds, and a fraudulent bankrupt by a pillory. Lottery bills might be announced by being preceded by a spy-glass: people who offer their services, by a saddled horse with three legs; capital wanted, by an empty money-bag; and loans, by a well-filled purse. For a notice of new books, all kinds of animals would do to signify the contents; and if newspapers should attain to that state of perfection, that persons who wish to marry, should give notice in them, many other polite figures might be used.

"The art of hieroglyphics would in this manner be brought to a state of perfection; and who knows what things some genius might accomplish, if there were only a beginning made!"

SCHOOL BOY LOVE.—In the last number of Dickens' new story, the hero, Master Copperfield, thus relates one of his love scrapes at school, which is marvellously like the school boy experiences of young gentlemen on this side of the water, we suspect:

"But who is this that breaks upon me? This is Miss Shepherd, whom I love.

"Miss shepherd is a boarder at the Misses Nettingall's establishment. I adore Miss Shepherd. She is a little girl, in a spencer, with a round face and curly flaxen hair. The Misses Nettingalls' young ladies come to the Cathedral too. I cannot look upon my book, for I must look upon Miss Shepherd. When the choristers chaunt, I hear Miss Shepherd. In the service I mentally insert Miss Shepherd's name—I put her in among the Royal Family. At home, in my own room, I am sometimes moved to cry out, 'Oh, Miss Shepherd!' in a transport of love.

"For some time, I am doubtful of Miss Shepherd's feelings, but, at length, Fate being propitious, we meet at the dancing-school. I have Miss Shepherd for my partner. I touch Miss Shepherd's glove, and feel a thrill go up the right arm of my jacket, and come out at my hair. I say nothing tender to Miss Shepherd, but we understand each other. Miss Shepherd and myself live but to be united.

"Why do I secretly give Miss Shepherd twelve Brazil nuts for a present, I wonder? They are not expressive of affection, they are hard to crack, even in room doors, and they are oily when cracked; yet I feel that they are appropriate to Miss Shepherd. Soft, seedy biscuits, also, I bestow upon Miss Shepherd; and oranges innumerable. Once, I kiss Miss Shepherd in the cloak room. Ecstasy! What are my agony and indignation next day, when I hear a flying rumour that the Misses Nettingall have stood Miss Shepherd in the stocks for turning in her toes!

"Miss Shepherd being the one pervading theme and vision of my life, how do I ever come to break with her? I can't conceive. And yet a coolness grows between Miss Shepherd

and myself. Whispers reach me of Miss Shepherd having said she wished I wouldn't stare so, and having avowed a preference for Master Jones—for Jones! a boy of no merit whatever! The gulf between me and Miss Shepherd widens. At last, one day, I meet the Misses Nettingall's establishment out walking. Miss Shepherd makes a face as she goes by, and laughs to her companion. All is over.—The devotion of a life—it seems a life, it is all the same—is at an end; Miss Shepherd comes out of the morning service, and the Royal Family know her no more."

What school boy but has had his Miss Shepherd?

IMPROVEMENT UPON THE PIANO FORTE.—Among the interesting musical topics of the month, may be mentioned the *Dolce Campana Attachment* to the Piano Forte. It is a new invention, patented by Messrs Boardman and Gray, of Albany, N. Y. It is quite different from any other "attachment" which we have seen, and in simplicity and elegance is quite unique. As its action is not in any way connected with the strings it cannot by any possibility put the instrument out of tune. Its action is simply a pressure upon the sounding board, by which the tone is subdued and changed in quality. This tone may be compared to that of the guitar, only it is more beautiful and tender in its character. A pedal governs its action, and by a judicious management, many exquisite effects may be produced, such as repeated chords in echo, an harmonic swell, &c., &c. It is in every way superior to the harp pedal, for while its tone is soft, it is at the same time clear and melodious, and truly thrilling in its sympathetic qualities. It may be justly characterized as a *new power added to the Piano Forte*. We are pleased to recommend it to our readers, as something that will delight them; for we can conceive no greater delight, than to listen to a plaintive melody discoursed in the delicious tones of the *Dolce Campana*. We would also state that it can be applied to any instrument, with perfect safety, and at trifling cost.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Our great publishing houses in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, have announced for the present a great number of new and important works; among them Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, announce a complete edition of the poems of James Russell Lowell in two volumes: a new volume of poems by Longfellow; a History of the Acadians by Professor Felton, and the collected miscellaneous writings of Rev. Henry Giles. Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce the long expected History of Spanish Literature, by George Ticknor; Glimpses of Spain, by J. T. Wallis; a System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography, a new Latin-English Lexicon, by Professor Anthon; a new work by the famous author of the "Amber Witch," and the Encyclopedia of Biography, by Dr. Griswold. John Wiley announces a work by Henry B. Stanton, which will be extensively read, and wherever read admired. It is composed chiefly of Essays, which have already appeared in the columns of the National Era, on the Reforms and reformers of England.

NEW BOOKS.—Notices of several new works of interest, are unavoidably postponed to our next issue; among them are Powell's "Living Authors of Great Britain," published by the Appletons; Stanton's "English Reformers," published by John Wiley, and Dr. Hawk's new work on Egypt, published by Putnam.

ERRORS CORRECTED.—Types are as prone to errors as we are to evil, and we often have the mortification of being made to say things that we never dreamed of, by caprices of

these impish little creatures which appear to take pleasure in irritating the feelings of the genus irritabile. But, we are getting used to such persecutions and hope our correspondents will put up philosophically with all the errors they may detect in their printed lucubrations. The better way for authors is not to read their writings in print, and then they will escape a good many annoyances. *Appropos* to errors—the article in our last number, entitled “Biblioplist” should read “Bibliophilist,” two very different terms, the first meaning a seller of books, and the latter a lover of books. The poem by Miss Mary M. Chase, entitled “Qui Vit,” in our November number, was shorn of an entire stanza, which made its conclusion appear rather abrupt and inconclusive. But this was no fault of the types or typos, the writer having omitted to transcribe it. We give the concluding stanza now :

Go forth ! Go forth ! triumphantly,
The bolts and bars are riven,
The angel bands shall bear thee up
To the shining domes of Heaven !

In the story of “Aquila Chase,” on the second column of the first page, the terms “deacons” is substituted for the word “devout,” to the utter consternation of all Quakerdom, to whom a deacon is as obnoxious as a fallen angel.

We will not trouble our readers with any more corrections of errors now ; but, as this is the concluding number of the fourth volume, we must beg of our indulgent and generous readers to pardon all our past errors and short comings in the lump, and to trust in our assurance, that the next volume, which will be the first of the new series, under a new dynasty, will be a great improvement on the past. It was unavoidable, in so novel and hazardous an experiment, as the publication of a first class Magazine at one-third the price it had ever before been attempted, that some mistakes should be made. But, with the experience of the past two years, the ample resources at the disposal of the publisher, the generous support of the public, and the aid of the best literary and artistic talent in the country, it will go hard if we do not, at least, fully equal the anticipations of the public in the succeeding numbers of our popular work. We shall not rest content with our circulation at one number short of a hundred thousand copies, and when we shall have attained to that unparalleled popularity we shall strive as hard to prove worthy of it as we did to reach it.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGERS.—We close our Exchange List with the present month, and shall open a new one with those Papers that comply with the terms of our New Prospectus, to which we refer on the outside of the Cover of the Magazine. Exchangers are particularly requested to send only those papers in which the Prospectus and Notices appear. Those intending to publish our Prospectus for the New Volume will confer a favor by doing so as soon as possible. The Bound Volume will be sent by mail, unless otherwise instructed.

NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.—One of our friends in the Far West asks us by letter : “ Do you make Agents pay postage to you ? ” We don’t make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to require them to do so.

WE can no longer send the “ Island City ” to Subscribers to our Magazine, as the arrangement has been found too troublesome.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travel-

ling Agent for Holden’s Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to W. H. Dietz, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden’s Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine ; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.

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NEW BOOKS.

WILLIAM H. DIETZ is prepared to fill orders for Books, Pamphlets, Periodicals, Prints, from his country subscribers and others with anything in the above line at the Publishers lowest prices.

The following list comprises a few of the Books he can furnish. Each book will, on the reception of an order, be mailed to the address of the person ordering it, enclosed in a strong wrapper, and carefully directed.

- Edmond Dantes, a sequel to the Count of Monte-Cristo. 50
Gold Mines of the Gila. 50
Jeremiah Saddlebags Journey to the Gold Regions. 25
History of St. Giles and St. James. By Douglas Jerrold. 30 37
Corrinne, or Italy. By Mad. de Stael. 50
Archibald Werner. From the German of Spindler. 50
Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By Acton Bell. 50
Jane Eyre. By Acton Bell. 25
Wuthering Heights. By Acton Bell. 50
Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. 2 vols. Each 25
Life of Henry Clay. By Epes Sargeant. 25
Neal's Charcoal Sketches. 50
William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland. Illustrated with 38 Engravings. 75
Woman: Her Education and Influence. By Mrs. H. Reed. With an Introduction, by Mrs. Kirkland. 50
Combe's Physiology. 75
Chemistry: Its Practical Application to Physiology, Agriculture, and Commerce. By Professor Liebig. 20
Phrenology Proved, Illustrated, and Applied. By O. S. Fowler 1 00
Now and Then. By the Author of Ten Thousand a Year and Diary of a Physician. 50
Brian O'Linn, or Luck's Everything. By Wm. Maxwell, Author of Hector O'Halloran. 50
Only a Fiddler! and O. T. By Hans Christian Andersen. 25
Philosophy of Mesmerism. With a Chapter on Clairvoyance. By Dr. J. B. Dods. 25
Matrimony: or, Phrenology and Physiology applied to the selection of Congenial Companions for Life. 25
Patent Laws of the United States, embracing all information concerning Patents and the Laws of Patent Rights. 12
Oak Openings, or The Bee-Hunter. By J. Fenimore Cooper. 50
The Dreamer and Worker. By Douglas Jerrold. 25
Ingleboro' Hall. By H. W. Herbert. 25
Kate in Search of a Husband. 25
James the Second. By W. H. Ainsworth. 25
Rose Summerville. 25
Old Convents of Paris. 25
Log of a Privateersman. By Marryatt. 25
Faust; a Romance of the Secret Tribunals. 50
Adventures of a Medical Student. 50
The Crater, or Vulcan's Peak. By Cooper. 50
The Musician's Companion. Containing 40 sets of Cotillions, arranged with Figures, and a large number of popular Marches, Waltzes, Quicksteps, Hornpipes, Country Dances, Songs, &c. &c. &c.; several of which are in three parts. First, Second, and Bass for Flute, Violin, Clarinet, Bass-Viol, and containing in all over 500 pieces of Music, of which more than 150 are original, or have never before been published in this country. 1 00

Any person in the country, North, South, East, or West, can obtain any book, if in print, by sending the order to Holden's Magazine. They will always be furnished at the regular price. As the profit on Holden's Magazine to the Publisher is very slight, he hopes that all his subscribers and friends in the country wishing any book published, will send their order to him, and give him the benefit of the little profit accruing therefrom. Will his numerous friends bear this in mind? On the receipt of any order the book sent for will be immediately enclosed in a strong wrapper and mailed the same day. Address, (Post Paid,) HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau street, New York.

Bound Volumes of Holden's Magazine For the Year 1849.

Holden's Magazine for the year 1849, containing 12 Nos., splendidly bound in cloth, gilt edged, gilt back and lettered, will be ready for delivery by the 20th Dec., price \$1.50 per copy.—They can be mailed to any part of the United States, enveloped in strong wrappers, on the reception of the orders with cash. Address, post-paid, Holden's Magazine, 109 Nassau street, New York.

To Subscribers—City and Country.

If every subscriber on our books would only interest him, or herself in our behalf sufficiently to send one additional name to us to commence the New Year, we should have a list which would immediately pay handsomely, and enable us to increase the attractions of our pictorial department (already large) to a much greater extent. The sum total of all such names would indeed assist us materially, and the time spent by each subscriber to aid us, would not be lost in the least. Will our friends, therefore, lend us a helping hand, and send in an extra name for the present year? to HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau street.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY EVENING MIRROR.

ISSUED FROM

THE OFFICE OF THE EVENING MIRROR,

A Splendid Weekly Paper,

WITH THE ABOVE TITLE, CONTAINING:

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK,

up to the arrival of the last mail on the evening of publication. It is the design of the proprietor to make the SATURDAY EVENING MIRROR one of the

BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPERS IN THE COUNTRY,

DEVOTED TO

Science, Literature and the Arts,

and free from the scandal and immorality which, just at the present time, seem to form the great staple and interest of a large class of weekly papers.

The Saturday Evening Mirror will be addressed to

Readers of Refined Taste,

and the publisher looks exclusively to this class of the community for a liberal support.

TERMS.

To City Subscribers, ONE SHILLING A MONTH. Mail Subscribers, ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance; and subscriptions will be received, and the paper sent, for Three Months, on the receipt of Twenty-five Cents.

CLUBS will be supplied on the following terms—

For six copies, one year,.....\$5 00

For ten copies ".....8 00

For fifteen copies ".....10 00

Four copies will be sent to one address three months for

ONE DOLLAR.

All communications should be addressed to H. FULLER, Mirror Office, New York.

TO YOUNG MEN

Wishing Employment.

Active, capable and intelligent men, in all parts of the country, wishing employment, can realize a handsome salary per month, by obtaining subscribers to Holden's Dollar Magazine. All that is requisite to obtain an agency, is to procure a certificate of good character and responsibility, signed by the P. M. of the town in which the applicant is resident, and attested by one Justice of the Peace and one Clergyman. On receipt of this a certificate of agency is forwarded, together with free specimen copies of the Magazine, and instructions how to proceed in the business. Holden's Magazine offers unusual inducements to Agents, and now is the very time for any one to start in the business.

Address, (invariably post-paid,)

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau st., N. Y.

DIARIES FOR 1849.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES OF DAILY MEMORANDUM BOOKS, containing space for memorandums for every day in the year. Almanac, Interest Table, &c., bound in Pocket Book style, answering double purpose of Memorandum Book and Pocket Book. Prices 3, 4, 6 and 8 shillings. ORDERS sent by mail, containing the price of both, will receive attention.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL, Stationers,

77 Maiden Lane, New York.

Portrait of Horace Greeley.

JUST published, a full length Portrait, on India paper, of this celebrated Reformer. It is printed very handsomely, suitable for framing, and can be mailed to any part of the country without damage. Subscribers to Holden's Magazine, or others wishing to procure a good likeness of Greeley, had better enclose 25 cents in a letter for it. Price, single copies, 25 cents, six copies for \$1. Address, post-paid,

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau st., N. Y.

BACK NOS. OF HOLDEN.—Subscribers to the Magazine commencing with the Jan. No. of 1849, or any other subscribers wishing to procure the back Nos. from July, 1848, can be supplied on the following terms. The subscription price being one dollar per year, subscribers receiving their copies by mail can have any No., or the six Nos. since July to Jan., at 1-3 cents per copy. Thus the whole volume of six Nos. from July to Jan., can be obtained by enclosing 50 cents in a letter, and paying the postage. HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau st.

Bound Volumes of Holden.

Bound Volumes of Holden containing six (Nos., from July 1848 to Jan. 1849, splendidly bound in muslin, gilt edged, gilt backed, and lettered, are for sale at the office of the Magazine, at \$1.25 per copy, or three copies for \$3, when sent to one address. They can be mailed to any part of the United States, enveloped in strong wrappers, on the reception of the cash, post paid. HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau street.

REVOLUTION IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

HOLDEN'S

ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

SINCE the death of the projector of this popular Magazine, the property has passed into the hands of the subscriber, who will continue to publish it at the Publication Office

No. 109 Nassau Street, New York.

THE NEW VOLUME,

To be commenced on the First of January 1850, will comprise many important improvements, which, it is believed, will render the Magazine one of the best Periodicals published in the country, as it certainly is the cheapest. Among these improvements will be new and beautiful type, fine calendered paper, a higher order of illustrations than those heretofore given, and contributions from some of the ablest writers in America. It is the aim of the Proprietor to publish a Popular Magazine, adapted to the wants of all classes of reading people in the Republic, which shall be both instructive and amusing; and free alike from the grossness which characterizes much of the cheap literature of the day, and from the vapidty of the so-called "Ladies Magazines." The Illustrations will consist of Original Drawings engraved on wood by the best Artists;

PORTRAITS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS AND VIEWS OF REMARKABLE PLACES,

illustrated by pen and pencil. A strict revision will be exercised that no improper article, or word, shall ever be admitted, so that it may be safely taken by persons of the utmost refinement, and read at the fire-side for the amusement or instruction of the family circle.

The Review department of the Magazine will contain brief critical notices of all the new publications of the day, and will form a complete chronicle of current literature.

From the business and literary connexions already established, the best assistance that the country can afford will be secured for completing the plans of the publisher, and nothing will be wanting that ample pecuniary resources and watchful industry can obtain to make the Magazine the

LEADING LITERARY PERIODICAL OF AMERICA.

The extremely low rate at which it is published precludes the hope of profit, except from a circulation greater than that which any literary periodical has ever yet attained; but, with the new avenues daily opening for the circulation of works of merit; the constantly

increasing population of the country; the cheapness of the Magazine, and the superiority of its literary and artistic attractions to those of any other work now issued; the proprietor fearlessly engages in an enterprize which will be sure to benefit the public it should not enrich himself.

The Magazine will be under the Editorial charge and supervision of

CHARLES F. BRIGGS,

who has been connected with it from the beginning.

The "PULPIT PORTRAITS," a series of Biographical Sketches, accompanied by well engraved Portraits of Eminent Divines of the American Churches, which have formed a conspicuous feature of "HOLDEN'S," will be continued in the succeeding Volumes of the Magazine, and will render it of peculiar value to religious people of every denomination.

The Fifth Volume

will commence on the First of January next, but will be issued on the 15th of December. Each number will consist of

64 PAGES, AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

The Terms are

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

in Advance; the Magazine will be plainly and carefully directed and sent by mail *at the risk of the subscriber*. As each number will be stereotyped missing or lost numbers can be at any time supplied when ordered, but will be deducted from the time for which payment has been received. Remittances may be sent at the risk of the Proprietor, provided a description of the bills are taken, and enclosed in the presence of the Post Master as evidence of the fact.

Five copies will be furnished for \$4 and 20 copies for \$15. Nos. for the year 1848, excepting the month of January, will be furnished at 4 cents each, and Bound Volumes in cloth with gilt edge, from July to December inclusive, at \$1 each.

Newspaper Publishers who will insert this Prospectus four times, and notice the Magazine monthly will receive a Bound Volume for the year 1849, and an exchange for the coming year; they are requested to send only those papers in which the Prospectus and notices appear. Letters must be addressed to "Holden's Dollar Magazine, No. 109 Nassau Street, New York," and *post-paid* in all cases.

W. H. DIETZ,
PROPRIETOR.

